MISSIONARY PROGRAM MATERIAL

BV
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1923

ANITA R. FERRIS

REVISED EDITION

Class BV2095

Book F4

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MISSIONARY PROGRAM MATERIAL

FOR PRIMARY AND JUNIOR GRADES

COMPILED BY
ANITA B. FERRIS

Revised Edition

MISSIONARY EDUCATION MOVEMENT
OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
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PREFACE

This book contains graded material for missionary programs in the Beginners, Primary, and Junior Departments of a Church School, for Sunday afternoon or evening services, for public week-night entertainments and social evenings, or for informal departmental gatherings.

It is a compilation of some of the best material at present available, such as extracts from standard books and mission board publications, arranged for elementary grades. Of course, no book or pamphlet could be reprinted entire, and some of the best material is simply recommended, and suggestions given as to where information of many kinds can be obtained.

Missionary Program Material

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS

Making a Program

The Missionary Committee will distinguish between the material suitable for Sunday use and that intended for week-day or social occasions. For instance, most of the folk-lore tales would not be used in a Sunday program. They are simply intended to add interest by suggesting a comparison between the stories of other peoples and our own loved folk-tales, and to strengthen the bond of sympathy between ourselves and the people of a different race by making us laugh *with* them rather than, as we have too often done, laugh *at* them. Stories perfectly suitable for Sunday use, however, are those which give information about the manners and customs of a people. These are of especial value in the elementary grades, where the aim for missionary teaching must be largely to establish a feeling of kinship and sympathetic interest between our children and the children of mission lands. The chapter on "Chinese Holidays" in *When I Was a Boy in China* (see Bibliography) and "Kite-flying in Japan" (page 99) are examples of this type. They should, of course, not be isolated, but have their assigned place in the information plan in which the fundamental difference between Christian and non-Christian children is never omitted. Where the use of a costume of simple and artistic character would heighten the effect, it would seem legitimate to use it, just as a missionary in addressing the school might assume native

dress to increase the vividness of his story or information.

The same principles which obtain in story writing and telling hold for program making. Psychologists tell us that it is harmful to arouse an emotion and provide no outlet for it. Action in response to the emotion aroused, either immediate or suggested, should always form the climax of the program, since this is the end which is in the mind of those who arranged the program before any steps were taken in the selection of the various items.

In the story there are four parts: a beginning, which may sometimes mean the striking of the key-note, a succession of events or incidents which lead up to the climax, the climax, and the end. These same steps are observed in the formation of a good program, that is, a program which carries its message home.

To illustrate: In the specimen Primary program (page 5) the key-note of Christian service is struck in the opening song, "Jesus bids us shine." The reason for service in a particular instance is given in the following recitation, "The Children of Sunrise Kingdom." The next steps are fellowship and sympathy items (information items in the Junior department), until the climax is reached, when a particular kind of help which little people in this country can render those in Japan is brought out in Chiyo's happy Christmas at the mission (page 102), and the words of the teacher as she tells just how her children have helped or can help in this work. The little prayer is an immediate action in which every child present can have a share, and, in the closing hymn, the emphasis on Jesus' love for childhood in general—suggesting fellowship again—fittingly ends the program.

Of course all programs cannot be worked out after

an identical pattern, but must vary with the type of material used. In the Junior programs the dramatizations form the longest and most important items, those chiefly depended upon for impressing the lesson. Explanations coming after would have something of the effect of tacking a moral to a tale, an anticlimax, and would not be listened to with attention. The explanation or the suggestion of mission work, therefore, finds its legitimate place preceding the dramatization, which serves as an illustration.

The aim of a whole program may be simply to awaken interest and give information and not to arouse a strong emotion. Such is the general school program entitled, "A Day in Japan" (see *Programs for Heralds,* page 24). The construction is governed by the sequence of events, and the religious truth is given a central position. If an admission fee is charged or a silver offering taken, a brief explanation should be given in regard to the share of this particular Sunday-school in mission work in Japan. The taking of an offering would afford an immediate expression of interest. On the other hand, the program may be conceived of as purely educational, with the interest, sympathy, and information gained by participants and audience to bear fruit in increased interest and effort in mission work in general.

Following a public meeting presenting information about mission work, a social occasion could be held on a week-day when the children meet for a good time among themselves and enjoy an afternoon of foreign games, conundrums, and stories.

Two Specimen Programs

The following program on Japan should be given if possible at the end of a course in Japanese stories or be preceded by some special lessons on Japan.

There should be a few simple Japanese decorations, such as lanterns, screens, and fans, which can be easily obtained, possibly by the children themselves. Fresh flowers arranged in vases as they are in Japanese pictures add to the attractiveness of a room. If some of the children can appear in costume, the Japanese atmosphere will be heightened and the pleasure of the children increased. The material for this program may be found in the section on Japan (pages 90-109).

The program on China should be given if possible at the end of a course of lessons on China.

A few curios on exhibition and simple Chinese decorations will add to the attractiveness of the program. If the pupils have done any hand-work, made posters or scrap-books, this would be a good opportunity for their display. The material for the program may be found in the section on China (pages 56-79).

A Japanese Afternoon

Primary

1. Song: Jesus Bids Us Shine.
2. Recitation: The Children of Sunrise Kingdom (page 104).
3. Exercise: Little Visitors from Japan (page 107).
4. Recitation: A Japanese Lullaby (page 104).
5. Song: Saviour Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

   By department, followed by the singing of the verse in Japanese by one of the teachers, with the explanation that these are the words used by the little people in Japan.[1]
6. Recitation: The Little Children in Japan (page 105).
7. A Japanese game: Hana, hana, hana, kuchi (page 109).

   The teacher in charge should first explain the game to the audience, and then five or six children should play it for a few minutes.
8. Story: Chiyo's Christmas (page 102).

   The teacher in charge should tell this story, adding at the end a few words about what the Sunday-school or department is doing or may do for the little cousins in Japan.
9. Prayer: A Prayer (page 144).
10. Song: I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old.
11. Refreshments or social hour

    The children may have the freedom of showing the Japanese village and objects to their parents and of playing Japanese games.

[1] May be secured from the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Protestant Church, 316 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

A Program on China

Junior

1. Song: Brightly Gleams Our Banner.
2. Exercise: As Others See Us (page 73).
3. Exercise: Chinese Inventions (page 74).
4. A Chinese game: Eating Fish's Tail (page 78).
5. Facts about china: A Chinese Kitchen God (page 60).
   Told by an older Junior in his own words.
6. Story dramatization: "Mai-Ling's Adventure" (page 57).
7. Song: We March, We March to Victory *or* Jesus Shall Reign *or* some other familiar missionary hymn.
8. Social hour: In which curios are discussed, refreshments served, etc.

If the missionary instruction on China has been given in the Sunday-school and the entertainment is one for the children alone, with no outsiders present, the program may be arranged from the fellowship point of view as follows:

1. Exercise: As Others See Us (page 73).
2. An Afternoon Call (page 75).
3. Chinese games (pages 77-78).
   By the whole department.
4. Guessing riddles (page 79).
5. Refreshments

Interest Devices

The devices for awakening interest in missions and making missionary instruction attractive are legion. Missionary papers and magazines are continually printing new ones. Consult the catalog of the Missionary Education Movement, your own denominational publications, and suggestions in the Graded Sunday School Lessons. Many denominations are publishing splendid program material. Write for their catalogs.

Sunday or week-day programs in the elementary grades must depend for their interest largely upon the thoughtfulness and devotion of the departmental superintendents. In the Primary department a supply of attractive missionary picture scrap-books may be kept where children may look at them while waiting for the school to begin. As hand-work, the pupils may draw, color, and cut out some of the objects which have been shown and described to them in story or verse, thus, with the teacher's direction making their own curios and villages, work similar in character to that done in the public school kindergartens and Primary grades. If the leader is not familiar with such work, she may find it worth her while to visit the public schools for this purpose. If there is a mission group of older girls in the school, they may be interested in dressing small dolls in various native costumes, and making other mission articles of many kinds to serve as object-lessons for the Primary children. This has been done in some schools. Many denominations publish excellent hand-work material.[1]

Chinese, Japanese, and American Indian or Home Mission week-day programs may easily be devised, as suggested in the specimen Primary program.

[1] See Bibliography, page 25.

Curios, pictures, and books will prove an educational influence in the Junior department. *Leaders in Conference* (see Bibliography) will be found especially helpful in home mission devices and suggestions. Scrap-books and posters may be made with pleasure by the different classes and exhibited at the end of the year with the other hand-work of the department. The time before the beginning of the lesson or a few minutes after Sunday-school may be utilized in this way, and also for putting together maps and pictures. Colored maps of mission lands, mounted on cardboard, and post-cards picturing mission lands may be cut up for use as picture puzzles. *Things to Make* and *The Missionary Education of Juniors* (see Bibliography) will prove helpful along these lines.

If scrap-books are made for mission hospitals or kindergartens at the homes of the teachers, or in the Sunday-school room, the games already mentioned, and various others suggested in *Leaders in Conference,* such as the very interesting game of "Citizenship," may be used to entertain the children, after the work period is over.

For a public entertainment, the Juniors may take a trip to some particular home or foreign mission station. They may sit on the platform in railway coach style and different Juniors in turn describe the country, people, and objects to be seen as they pass along. On arriving at their destination, they get out of the coach and are welcomed by other Juniors, in native costume if possible, who tell about the work in their mission station or country, show curios, and serve refreshments—native, if possible.

The use of maps and posters made by the pupils themselves, of a blackboard, pictures, and curios are some of the devices to add to the interest of programs. If this

work of the pupils, together with their notebooks illustrating missionary stories and hymns, is preserved for the annual exhibition of the school, it will gain in importance and interest in their eyes.

As for social occasions and entertainments for the purpose of increasing the contribution to missions, the device of decorating rooms according to the country to be discussed, of displaying curios, and of serving native refreshments in connection with the program is one very familiar way of producing atmosphere and sympathy.

Another social may be arranged as a "welcome reception" to the "Globe Trotters." At the time for the program to begin, an automobile horn loudly blown is heard outside, and with much noise and laughter there enter a number of boys and girls or young men and women with suitcases, veils, steamer rugs, umbrellas, etc. They are cheered in welcome by the audience, who may sing some appropriate song of greeting.

The travelers sit down, and the chairman gets from each in some informal way the story of his experiences. Some may volunteer their part or be referred to by the previous speaker as being able to tell a particular story. As they talk, they take curios, pictures, and costumes from their suitcases to show to their friends. The program may of course be varied by music, some of the travelers volunteering to sing one or more of the native melodies they have heard.

All the foreign fields—or only one—may be thus briefly and vividly described. The plan is capable of elasticity and of great educational value to all.

In a simple form, the return of the travelers might be used also for the brief Sunday-school program.

Another evening may be profitably spent with the "Story Tellers' League of all Nations," assisted in their

entertainment by the "Singers from Every Land," or a combination may be made of songs, stories, and living pictures.

Story playing for children of elementary age, and plays and pageants for young people of teen age and older are the best of all methods for the missionary education of both players and audience.

All the various devices mentioned may be amplified and coördinated into the modern "School Project," in which the people, the geography, the industries, the social customs, the art, and the religion of a country may be worked out, each phase of the subject being selected by a certain group or individual for intensive research and final report. A whole Church School may well coöperate on a missionary project of the "Home Land," each department, from Kindergarten to Senior or Adult choosing that phase of the work which best suits its age interests and qualifications. Such a project might conclude with an afternoon and evening, or several evenings, of public exhibition, the whole program finally ending with a play or pageant.

Missionary Hymns and Songs

Missionary songs of a worthy character for the Beginners and Primary children are rather difficult to find. For older Beginners probably there are but two or three which are usable: "He prayeth best who loveth best," "Jesus bids us shine," and "God make my life a little light," the last two suggesting service. A very good offering song is, "Hark! to the music calling us softly" (see page 142).

For Primary use there are more. "Give, said the little stream" is appropriate to precede an offering, and

"A ship goes sailing o'er the sea" (fifth stanza omitted) may precede or follow the offering and will help to make real the use of the gifts.

"Hark there's a message from over the sea" or "The world children for Jesus" may form a fitting prelude to a story.

"Beautiful the little hands" is another song of service. The selection of songs for little people should be guided by the same principles which are applied in selecting stories and pictures for them. Both words and music should be worthy and express in simple form ideas comprehensible to young children. The fitness of a certain song for a certain point in the program should be thoughtfully considered, as has been mentioned before.

Hymns for Juniors are much more numerous. The Juniors should have the best which the body of Church music affords. All the ideas expressed by the hymns may not be within the actual experience of the boys and girls, but they always enjoy and respond to the majestic sweep of the great missionary hymns of the Christian Church. The ideas of God's overlordship, such as are voiced in "Jesus shall reign," and "All hail the power of Jesus' name," are acceptable and comprehensible to them, and the hymns of martial spirit and activity, such as "The Son of God goes forth to war," and "Onward Christian Soldiers," are always favorites. Hymns of personal decision, such as "I'll go where you want me to go," seem better reserved for a later period.

The place of the hymn in the program should be carefully studied both in its relation to the other subject-matter and to the psychological effect—whether stimulating or quiescent.

Junior pupils are old enough to be interested in the hymns themselves. It may, for instance, add to their

interest in "From Greenland's icy mountains," to know that the writer eventually went as a missionary himself to "India's coral strand," and often heard his famous hymn sung by the Singhalese there.

A reading of *Psalm* lxxii in a missionary program may be followed appropriately by "Jesus shall reign," with the explanation that the hymn is based upon the Psalm. This hymn is also effective in connection with the Paton lesson in the graded series or the story of the work of Chalmers or that of the conversion of Kapiolani. (For references to these see pages 118-125). As a result of the labors of the noble missionaries to the islands of the sea, King George of Tonga, in 1862, formally proclaimed his kingdom a Christian kingdom. He appointed a special day when he granted to his people a Christian constitution. Over 5,000 natives of the islands of Samoa, Tonga, and Fiji—the last two islands once horrible with cannibalism—were present, and during the ceremony they all joined in singing with one mighty voice the words of this great hymn.

Probably few of the Juniors will know that the man who wrote "My country 'tis of thee," Samuel Francis Smith, wrote also in the same year, 1832, "The morning light is breaking,"—a hymn which has been translated into many languages and which was sung in the author's honor by a great audience of Burmans when he visited his son, a missionary to Burma. This hymn might fittingly follow the Judson story.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name," also has a thrilling story which may be found in books of hymn stories.

Many of the other hymns are interesting in origin or have stories connected with them.

Juniors will be more interested in "Watchman, tell us of the night," with the beautiful Mason accompaniment,

if they dramatize it, the department impersonating the travelers, and one Junior, a good singer, taking the part of the watchman, who, from the lofty battlements of the Christian city, sends his assurances faintly but clearly down to the questioners beneath.

Many Christmas hymns are missionary in suggestion. It is to the legendary countries of the Wise Men, who first recognized the kingship of the baby Jesus, that we now send missionaries.

Some patriotic hymns are, of course, suitable for a home missionary program. "O beautiful for spacious skies" is one of our newer hymns worthy for every Junior to know. The tune "Materna" is perhaps most appropriate to use with it.

The following books will be found helpful for hymn stories:

Famous Hymns of the World. Allan Sutherland. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. $1.20.

Hymn Stories for Children. Margaret W. Eggleston. Century Co., New York. $1.50.

The Hymns and Hymn Writers of the Church. Charles S. Nutter and Wilbur F. Tillett. Methodist Book Concern, New York. $3.00.

The Music and Hymnody of the Methodist Hymnal. Carl F. Price. Methodist Book Concern, New York. $1.75.

The Story of the American Hymn. Edward S. Ninde. Abingdon Press, New York. $3.50.

The Story of Hymns and Tunes. Brown and Butterworth. American Tract Society, New York. $1.50.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

It has been impossible to list here all the very valuable material published by denominational boards. Leaflets containing stories, plays, programs, and suggestions for handwork are available. Write to the denominational boards for their catalogs.

In each section of this book will be found a list of those books and pamphlets listed below which are especially helpful in connection with its particular subject. For detailed information concerning these books, consult the following bibliography.

Books starred (*) contain stories suitable for telling. The following abbreviations will be used for denominational publishers and their addresses:

A. B. F. Department of Missionary Education, Baptist Board of Education, 276 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

A. B. C. F. M. Woman's Board of Missions (Congregational), 14 Beacon Street, Boston.

A. L. U. Women's Missionary Society of the United Lutheran Church in America, 844 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.

C. C. F. M. Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions, West Medford, Mass. Order through your denominational board.

M. E. F. B. Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, 581 Boylston Street, Boston.

M. E. M. Missionary Education Movement, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Order through your denominational board.

P. N. Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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* *Across the Threshold.* Anita B. Ferris. M. E. M.
Out of print, but may be found in many Sunday-school and missionary libraries. (A reprint from *Everyland,* Sept., 1914.)

* *Adventures with Four-footed Folk.* Belle M. Brain. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. $1.00.

* *African Adventurers.* Jean Kenyon Mackenzie. George H. Doran Co., New York. $1.25.

A fascinating study book in story form.

* *African Picture Stories.* See Primary Picture Stories.

* *All About Japan.* Belle M. Brain. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. $1.00.

* *Americans All.* Augusta Huiell Seaman. M. E. M. 40 cents.

A book of ten stories dealing with the life of immigrants in crowded cities. Four of these stories relate experiences of a Russian girl; three, of Mexican children; and three, of a Chinese girl.

Ancient Peoples at New Tasks. Willard Price. M. E. M. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

An adult book to be used by the teacher for background material.

Argonauts of Faith. Basil Mathews. M. E. M. Cloth, $1.50; paper, 75 cents.

A combination of the biography, history, and adventure of the Pilgrims, told in exceptionally entertaining way.

Bishop Patteson. Elma K. Paget. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 50 cents.

Black Bearded Barbarian, The. Marian Keith. M. E. M. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

A biography of Dr. George Leslie Mackay of Formosa.

Chalmers of New Guinea. Janet Harvey Kelman. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 50 cents.

Child Garden in India, A. Amelia Josephine Burr. C. C. F. M. 75 cents.

Poems for very little people three to eight years old. Illustrated in colors. About the size of Peter Rabbit books.

Child Life in Japan. M. Aryton. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 20 cents.

Children at Play in Many Lands. Katharine Stanley Hall. M. E. M. 75 cents.

Describes typical games of children in mission lands and gives clear directions for teaching them to American boys and girls.

Children's Missionary Series. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 75 cents.

Children of Africa. James B. Baird.

Children of Arabia. John C. Young.
Children of India. Janet H. Kelman.
Children of Japan. Janet H. Kelman.
Children of Persia. Mrs. Napier Malcolm.
Children of South America. Katharine A. Hodge.

China Mission Year Book. Foreign Missions Conference, 25 Madison Avenue, New York. $1.50.

* *China Picture Stories.* See Primary Picture Stories.

Chinese Boy and Girl. Isaac Taylor Headland. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. $1.75.

* *Chinese Fairy Stories.* Norman H. Pitman. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. $1.50.

Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes. Isaac Taylor Headland. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. $1.75.

Christian Movement in the Japanese Empire (Japan Year Book). Foreign Missions Conference, 25 Madison Avenue, New York. $2.00.

Cobra's Den, The. Jacob Chamberlain. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. $1.25.

Coming Americans. Katherine R. Crowell. Woman's Board of Home Missions (Presbyterian), 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. Cloth, 45 cents; paper, 29 cents.

Continents and Their People, The—Africa. James F. Chamberlain. Macmillan Co., New York. 80 cents.

* *Each and All.* Jane Andrews. Ginn & Co., Boston. 60 cents.

* *Fairy Tales from Far Japan.* Susan Ballard. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. $1.00.

* *Fez and Turban Tales.* Isabel M. Blake. M. E. M. Boards, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

Eight stories of the Near East. The leader's manual for this book (*Handbook on the Near East,* 25 cents), is full of valuable suggestions.

Five Missionary Minutes. George H. Trull. M. E. M. 75 cents.

Five minute talks prepared for Sunday-school superintendents.

Following the Dramatic Instinct. Anita B. Ferris. M. E. M. 75 cents.

An elementary handbook on the use of dramatics in missionary and religious education. An exceedingly practical and invaluable book for any one producing plays or pageants.

* *Frank Baba and the Forty Jungle Brownies.* LILIAN RODERICK. M. E. M. 25 cents.

Frank Higgins: Trail Blazer. THOMAS D. WHITTLES. M. E. M. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

True adventure story of the first "sky pilot" to the lumberjacks.

* *Friends of Ours.* ELIZABETH COLSON. M. E. M. 75 cents.

An attractively illustrated book for primary grade printed in large type. Contains twelve stories showing our dependence upon the peoples of other lands for everyday articles of food and clothing.

* *Giovanni.* ANITA B. FERRIS. M. E. M. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 30 cents.

Eight stories of the life of an Italian immigrant boy in America.

* *Graded Stories and Studies.* For Home and Foreign Mission Periods in the Sunday-school. A. B. F. 35 cents a set. Single grade, 10 cents each.

Based on the themes, "The Negro in America" and "India."

* *Homes Around the World Picture Stories.* See PRIMARY PICTURE STORIES.

* *Honorable Crimson Tree, The.* ANITA B. FERRIS. M. E. M. Cloth, 60 cents; paper, 40 cents.

Eight stories of New China—the young republic in which boys join corn clubs and plant trees, and girls wage war on flies and play basket-ball.

How a Little Girl Went to Africa. LEONA M. BICKNELL. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, Boston. $1.00.

* *India Picture Stories.* See PRIMARY PICTURE STORIES.

* *Italian Picture Stories.* See PRIMARY PICTURE STORIES.

Isles of Spice and Palm. A. HYATT VERRILL. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.00.

Jack-of-all-Trades. MARGARET APPLEGARTH. Council of Women for Home Missions, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. 40 cents. Order through your denominational board.

* *Jungle Book, The.* RUDYARD KIPLING. Century Co., New York. $2.00.

Junior Citizen, The. JOYCE CONSTANCE MANUEL. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. $1.60.

A week-day course in world helpfulness for girls and boys, nine to eleven years of age. Twenty-six complete programs of instruction, expressional work, and play.

* *Lamplighters Across the Sea.* MARGARET T. APPLEGARTH. George H. Doran Co., New York. $1.25.

Stories of five great missionaries to the following countries: India, China, Japan, Persia, South Sea Islands.

Land of the Golden Man, The. ANITA B. FERRIS. M. E. M.

Out of print, but may be found in many Sunday-school and missionary libraries.

. *Laos Folk-lore of Farther India.* K. N. FLEESON. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 75 cents.

Leaders in Conference. Woman's Board of Home Missions, Presbyterian Church, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. 30 cents.

LITTLE COUSIN SERIES. L. C. Page Company, Boston. 60 cents.

Our Little Chinese Cousin. ISAAC T. HEADLAND.

Our Little Cuban Cousin. MARY H. WADE.

Our Little Hawaiian Cousin. MARY H. WADE.

Our Little Japanese Cousin. MARY H. WADE.

Our Little Porto Rican Cousin. MARY H. WADE.

* *Little Folks of Many Lands.* LULU M. CHANCE. Ginn and Co., Boston. 60 cents.

A book of seven stories dealing with the following races: American Indian, Eskimo, Holland, African, Arabian, Filipino and Japanese.

* *Little Folks of Other Lands.* CHAPLIN and HUMPHREY. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co., Boston.

A book of twenty stories.

* *Little Neighbors Picture Stories.* See PRIMARY PICTURE STORIES.

* *Livingstone Hero Stories.* SUSAN MENDENHALL. M. E. M. 15 cents.

A paper-bound book of four short stories of real value.

Livingstone the Pathfinder. BASIL MATHEWS. M. E. M. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 75 cents.

An exceptionally readable and valuable biography.

Lucita: A Child's Story of Old Mexico. RUTH GAINES. Rand McNally Co., New York. 80 cents.

* *Magic Box, The.* ANITA B. FERRIS. M. E. M. Cloth, 65 cents; paper, 40 cents.

A book of six stories portraying home, school, church, and community life of Negro boys and girls. The "Leader's Manual" for this book (15 cents) is full of valuable suggestions.

Makers of South America. MARGARETTE DANIELS. M. E. M. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

Manuel in Mexico. ETTA B. MCDONALD. Little, Brown and Co., Boston. 90 cents.

Mayflower Program Book. JEANETTE ELOISE PERKINS and FRANCES WELD DANIELSON. Pilgrim Press, Boston. 2 vols. $2.00 each.

A week-day course in world friendship for primary children (under 9 years of age). Each volume contains twenty-six complete programs of stories, songs, games, and definite suggestions for service. The two volumes provide a two-year week-day course.

Mexican Twins, The. LUCY FITCH PERKINS. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. $1.75.

Missionary Education of Juniors. J. GERTRUDE HUTTON. M. E. M. 60 cents.

A handbook for leaders.

Missionary Explorers among the American Indians. MARY G. HUMPHREYS. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.00.

* *Missionary Gems for Juniors.* Arranged by MRS. O. W. SCOTT. M. E. F. B. 35 cents.

A 64 page booklet containing programs, dialogs, exercises, poems, and stories.

* *Mr. Friend O' Man.* JAY T. STOCKING. M. E. M. Cloth, 60 cents; paper, 40 cents.

The home missions theme is treated skilfully in these allegorical stories.

Mook. EVELYN WORTHLEY SITES. C. C. F. M.

This book of true tales of a Chinese boy and his friends is out of print, but it may be found in many Sunday-school and missionary libraries.

* *Near East Picture Stories.* See PRIMARY PICTURE STORIES.

* *Negro Picture Stories.* See PRIMARY PICTURE STORIES.

* *Old Country Hero Stories.* FLORENCE M. BROWN. M. E. M.

Out of print, but may be found in many Sunday-school and missionary libraries.

* *Other People's Children.* MARGARET R. SEEBACH. Lutheran Publication Society, Philadelphia. $1.25.

Over fifty stories of boys and girls in foreign lands.

Peeps at History—Japan. JOHN FINNEMORE. Macmillan Co., New York. $1.00.

PEEPS AT MANY LANDS SERIES. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.00 per volume.

China. LENA E. JOHNSTON.
Egypt. R. TALBOT KELLY.
India. JOHN FINNEMORE.
Japan. JOHN FINNEMORE.
Morocco. JOHN FINNEMORE.
South Africa. DUDLEY KIDD.
South America. EDITH A. BROWN.
South Seas. J. H. M. Abbott.

* *Primary Missionary Stories.* MARGARET T. APPLEGARTH. George H. Doran Co., New York. $1.75 per volume.

Two volumes of fifty-two stories each; one for primary and one for junior children.

* PRIMARY PICTURE STORIES. M. E. M. 50 cents per set.

Each set consists of six stories for telling accompanied by six illustrative pictures, 9 by 13 inches.

African Picture Stories.
China Picture Stories.
Homes Around the World Picture Stories.
India Picture Stories.
Italian Picture Stories.
Little Neighbors Picture Stories.
Near East Picture Stories.
Negro Picture Stories.
Young Americans Picture Stories.

Ray and Roy in Mexico. MARY W. PLUMMER. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.25.

* *Seven Little Sisters.* JANE ANDREWS. Ginn & Co., Boston. 60 cents.

Shepard of Aintab. ALICE SHEPARD RIGGS. M. E. M. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

The life of Dr. Fred Douglas Shepard as a medical missionary to Asiatic Turkey.

Soo Thah. ALONZO BUNKER. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. $1.00.

South American Neighbors. HOMER C. STUNTZ. M. E. M. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

An adult book to be used for background material.

* *Stay-at-home Journeys.* AGNES WILSON OSBORNE. M. E. M. Cloth, 60 cents; paper, 40 cents.

A group of five stories showing the effect of Christian

helpfulness on children living in an orphanage, in Porto Rico, in Alaska, in migrant shacks, and in a crowded tenement. The "Leader's Manual" for this book (15 cents) is full of valuable suggestions.

* *Stories of Brotherhood.* HAROLD B. HUNTING. M. E. M. Cloth, 60 cents; paper, 40 cents.

Fifteen stories of men and women who have spent their lives in service to others in home and foreign lands.

Story of John G. Paton, The. JAMES PATON. George H. Doran Co., New York. $1.00.

* *Story Line to Everyland.* Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Toronto, Canada. 35 cents.

An attractive cloth-bound book containing stories for primary grade of China, Persia, America, Alaska, Norway, India, and South Africa.

Story of Sonny Sahib, The. MRS. EVERARD COTES. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.75.

Strange Lands Near Home. M. A. L. LANE. Ginn & Co., Boston. 60 cents.

Tamate: The Life Story of James Chalmers. JAMES PATON. George H. Doran Co., New York. $1.00.

Topsy Turvy Land. SAMUEL M. ZWEMER. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. $1.00.

* *T'other and Which.* MARGARET MONTGOMERY. A. B. F. 15 cents.

A paper-bound book containing stories of primary grade of Africa, China, Japan, and Alaska.

Uganda's White Man of Work. SOPHIA LYON FAHS. M. E. M. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

A story of Alexander Mackay of Uganda, a pioneer in Africa, who used his technical training as an engineer to help make him a more efficient missionary. Every sort of adventure befell him, many amusing, some tragic.

Umé San in Japan. ETTA BLAISDELL MCDONALD. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 90 cents.

* *Under Many Flags.* KATHARINE SCHERER CRONK and ELSIE SINGMASTER. M. E. M. Cloth, 65 cents; paper, 40 cents.

Stories of eight great missionaries in Turkey, South America, Paraguay, West Africa, Nigeria, Liberia, China, and Tibet. The "Leader's Handbook" for this book (15 cents) is full of valuable suggestions.

When I Was a Boy in China. YAN PHOU LEE. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co., Boston. 75 cents.

When I Was a Boy in Japan. SAKAE SHIOYA. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co., Boston. 75 cents.

Wide World, The. Youth's Companion Series. Ginn & Co., Boston. 60 cents.

* *Wigwam Stories.* MARY C. JUDD. Ginn & Co., Boston. 90 cents.

Winning the Oregon Country. JOHN T. FARIS. Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.

An adult book, useful for background material.

* *Wonderland of India, The.* HELEN M. ROCKEY and HAROLD B. HUNTING. M. E. M. Cloth, 65 cents; paper, 40 cents.

This is not a story book, but it contains many stories which may be told or dramatized. The "Leader's Handbook" for this book (15 cents) is full of valuable suggestions.

* *Young Americans Picture Stories.* See PRIMARY PICTURE STORIES.

Young China Hunters. ISAAC T. HEADLAND. C. C. F. M. 50 cents.

Zigzag Journeys in the Camel Country. SAMUEL M. ZWEMER. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. $1.00.

LEAFLETS

Many denominations publish excellent leaflets. Send for their lists.

* *A Little Friend in Africa.* MRS. O. W. SCOTT. M. E. F. B. 3 cents.

* *As They Play in China.* M. E. F. B. 2 cents.

* *Bothersome Baby, The.* GERTRUDE LEE CROUCH. A. B. F. 5 cents.

Nine primary stories of India, Burma, China, Africa, the Philippines, and Japan.

* *Brooms You Send to India.* A. B. C. F. M. 2 cents.

* *Fly Away Doctor, The.* MARGARET APPLEGARTH. A. B. F. 5 cents.

A pamphlet containing nine junior stories.

* *Friends in Other Lands.* Methodist Missions Rooms, Toronto, Canada. 15 cents.

A paper-bound booklet containing primary stories of the Andes, China, South Sea Islands, and Japan.

* *Growing Up in America.* KATHARINE R. CROWELL. P. N. 5 cents.
* *Happy Day.* M. E. F. B. 5 cents.
* *Here and There Stories.* A. B. C. F. M. 10 cents each.
An excellent series of stories suitable for telling.
* *Hero Tales.* A. B. C. F. M. 10 cents.
Tales of Turkey, China, India, Japan, Philippines.
* *Little Builders.* A. L. U. 2 cents.
Native Melodies. M. E. M. 10 cents.
Telugu, Japanese, Armenian, Bulgarian. Each pamphlet contains words and music to native songs.
* *Other Boys and Girls.* A. B. C. F. M. 10 cents.
* *Other Children.* JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE. P. N. 2 cents.
Peeps at Japan. A. B. C. F. M. 2 cents.
Practical Work Suggestions. P. N. Free.
* *Round Robin Stories.* LUCY J. SCOTT. M. E. F. B. 15 cents.
A pamphlet containing stories of the Philippines, India, China, Japan, and Africa.
* *Some Stories My Room Told Me.* A. B. C. F. M. 5 cents.
Strange Things China Boys and Girls Do. A. B. C. F. M. 2 cents.
* *Traveling Cloud, The—India.* A. B. C. F. M. 10 cents.

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS

Send to denominational boards for further suggestions

Alice Through the Postal Card. (Japanese Play.) ANITA B. FERRIS. M. E. M. 15 cents.
Alice's House Warming. (Americanization Play.) ANITA B. FERRIS. M. E. M. 15 cents.
Just Plain Peter. (Americanization Play.) JANET PRENTISS. M. E. M. 25 cents.
Lamp, The. (Pageant.) ANITA B. FERRIS. Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia. 25 cents.
The following episodes will be found especially helpful: "Helpers of To-day," "Magi of To-day," and "Neighbors of To-day."
Livingstone Hero Plays. ANITA B. FERRIS. M. E. M. 15 cents.

Pageant of Brotherhood, The. ANITA B. FERRIS. M. E. M. 35 cents.

Pageant of the Land of the Golden Man. (Latin America.) ANITA B. FERRIS. M. E. M. 15 cents.

Precious Flower and the Flies. (Chinese Play.) HELEN L. WILLCOX. Woman's Press (Y. W. C. A.) 600 Lexington Avenue, New York. 10 cents.

Ruth's Donation Party. (Child Labor Play.) ANITA B. FERRIS. M. E. M. 15 cents.

Through the Sunday-school Door. (Sunday-school Extension Play.) ANITA B. FERRIS. M. E. M. 15 cents.

Visitors from the Colonial Period. (Mountain-Whites Play.) ANITA B. FERRIS. M. E. M. 15 cents.

PROGRAMS

Adventures in World Friendship. P. N. 30 cents.
Twelve programs for use in the whole school.

Elephant Trails. P. N. 25 cents.
Three programs on Siam.

Friendly Road Around the World, A. P. N. 30 cents.
Twelve programs. A tour of the world for juniors.

Graded Home Mission Sunday School Stories. On "From Survey to Service." A. B. F. 10 cents.
"A Ride in an Airship" (Primary). MRS. AUGUSTA W. COMSTOCK.
"Discovering America" (Junior). MARGARET T. APPLEGARTH.
"Every Man's Land" (Intermediate.) MARGARET T. APPLEGARTH.

In Camel Lands. P. N. 25 cents.
Six programs on Syria and Persia.

Programs for the Crusaders of the Children's World Crusade. RUTH A. SHIPLEY. A. B. F. 10 cents each.
Eight programs based on *Stay-at-home Journeys* and *Under Many Flags.*

Programs for the Heralds of the Children's World Crusade. A. B. F. 10 cents each.
One pamphlet includes "A Day in Japan" (two programs), and "A Visit with Boys and Girls in Alaska" (two programs). Another pamphlet includes two programs on Home Missions: "A Chinese Garden in America," and

Four Roads Out"; and two programs on Foreign Missions, "From A to Z in the School of Mothercraft."
A third pamphlet includes "The Living Map" (Home), "A Love Chain to Japan" (Foreign); "The Question Box" (Home), "A Love Chain to China" (Foreign).

Ten Minute Programs. A. B. C. F. M. 10 cents each. Programs on India, Turkey, Japan, China.

HANDWORK

Many denominational boards publish excellent handwork material, some of which is listed below. The Milton Bradley Co. (School Supplies, 23 Washington Place, New York City) publishes an excellent series of village cut-outs: Japanese village, Eskimo village, Arabian village, and African village, at 50 cents each.

Directions for Making an African Village. M. E. M. 25 cents.
A set of drawings to be cut out and assembled according to directions to make a complete African village. Interesting and instructive.

Directions for Making a Japanese Home. M. E. M. 25 cents.
A set of drawings to be cut out and assembled. Unusually attractive. Interesting and instructive.

Home Mission Handicraft. A. and L. B. Beard. Woman's Board of Home Missions (Presbyterian), 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. Cloth, 60 cents; paper, 35 cents.
This contains instructive ideas for work and play for all juniors, which can be developed without experience and little or no expense.

Little Native Americans. A. B. F. (Tracing book) 10 cents.

Model of a City. M. E. M. 60 cents
This set consists of cardboard cut-outs of the sort popular with children. When folded and pasted according to instructions, a complete miniature city can be constructed with school, church, factory, city hall, and residences. This is a splendid set to accompany any series of lessons on community life.

Near East Painting Book. M. E. M. 25 cents.
A painting book of the familiar type which all children love to color with crayons or water-color paints. It contains pictures on one page with a descriptive story on the opposite page.

PAPER DOLLS. (China and South America.) P. N. 15 cents each.

PAPER DOLLS OF PEOPLE AROUND THE WORLD. See *Missionary Education* (magazine)

POSTER STAMP BOOK. A. B. F. 10 cents.
Across-the-seas stories done in poster stamps.

PICTURE SHEET SERIES. M. E. M. 25 cents per set.
These are twelve, and in some cases, sixteen, page folders covered with fascinating pictures under each of which are several lines of descriptive text. These pictures have been prepared for lesson illustrations, for note-books and posters, to be made either at home or at meetings of study groups, and for story-telling use. They should be points of contact in giving children that sense of the kinship of all humanity which comes from a sympathetic acquaintance with the customs of people in different parts of the world. The complete sets of these pictures are:

Africa
America at Home
Armenians and Syrians, The
Boys and Girls of Bible Lands
Boys and Girls of India
Boys and Girls of Japan
Child Life of the World
Children of the City
Chinese Boys and Girls
Chinese Snapshots
Egypt and Modern Heroes of Bible Lands
Eskimos, The
Everyday India
How We Are Fed
How We Are Sheltered
How We Travel
Italians, The
Mexicans in the United States
Missionary at Work, The
Negro Neighbors
Orientals in the United States
People of Japan, The
Work Around the World

QUID QUO. A. B. F. (Foreign Missionary game.) 25 cents.

SCHOOL CHILDREN OF INDIA. A. B. F. (Paper dolls to cut out) 5 cents.

THINGS TO MAKE. M. E. M.
Out of print, but may be found in many Sunday-school and missionary libraries. A book of directions for making simple articles suitable for gifts to mission schools, hospitals, etc.

WORLD FRIENDSHIP STAMPS. M. E. M. 50 cents.

Stamp books are always popular with boys and girls. This interesting and artistic book will delight the children. It is accompanied by fifty-six stamps printed in three colors, with suitable descriptive text. The stamps show boys and girls in many countries. There is a frame in the book for every Friendship Stamp in the packet. To fit the boys and girls into their correct places, there is printed on the back of each stamp a number showing the page on which it belongs.

YO SAN AND HIS FRIENDS. A. B. F. (Tracing book) 10 cents.

MAGAZINES

Asia. A finely illustrated monthly magazine of the Orient, published to promote a better understanding of the Far East. Asia Publishing Co., 627 Lexington Avenue, New York. $3.50 a year in the United States; $4.00 in Canada.

Everyland. A magazine of world friendship for boys and girls. Stories and pictures for boys and girls over twelve, a page for very little folks, an "Everyland Exchange," several serials, and "New Gulliver's Travels." Published by Central Committee. Subscription price, $1.50 a year (10 numbers). $6.25 in clubs of five.

Here and There Stories. For children. Published monthly by Woman's Board of Missions, 14 Beacon Street, Boston. 25 cents a year.

Missionary Education. A monthly magazine for teachers of religious education. The magazine includes in its pages each month five service programs, one for each grade of the Sunday School. There is also a page devoted to paper doll cut-outs. Published by The Methodist Book Concern, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York. 50 cents a year.

Missionary Mail. Stories and information for leaders published bi-monthly by Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. 15 cents a year.

National Geographic Magazine. A splendid magazine for teachers; full of pictures of various countries. Published monthly by the National Geographic Society, Hubbard Memorial Hall, Washington, D. C. Price, $3.00 a year; 35 cents a copy.

HOME MISSIONS

For denominational work, lists of denominational missionaries, missionary problems, reports on all kinds of work, and for maps, pictures, curios, and costumes to be rented, consult your denominational Home Mission Boards.

Helpful Books on Home Missions

Books starred (*) contain stories suitable for telling.

For detailed information, as to publisher, price, and, in many cases, description of contents, consult Bibliography (pages 14-27).

* Across the Threshold
* Americans All
  Argonauts of Faith, The
  Children at Play in Many Lands
  Coming Americans
  Frank Higgins: Trail Blazer
* Friends of Ours
* Giovanni
  Growing up in America (Leaflet)
  Home Mission Handicraft
  Jack-of-all-trades
  Leaders in Conference
  Little Folks of Many Lands
* Little Neighbors Picture Stories. See *Primary Picture Stories.*
* Magic Box, The
  Manuel in Mexico
  Missionary Explorers Among the American Indians
* Mr. Friend O'Man
* Negro Picture Stories. See *Primary Picture Stories.*
* Primary Missionary Stories
  Seven Little Sisters
* Stay-at-home Journeys
* Stories of Brotherhood

* Story Line to Everyland
Strange Lands Near Home
* T'other and Which
* Wigwam Stories
Winning the Oregon Country
* Young Americans Picture Stories

* International Graded Sunday School Lessons: Course II, Part 3, Theme X ("The North American Indians" and "The Children of the Cold Northland"); Course V, Part 3 ("Seeking the White Man's Book of Heaven"); Part 4 ("Making of the Cree Alphabet"); Course VII, Part 3 ("Saving a Race").

Stories for telling will be found in back numbers of *Everyland* as follows:

March, 1911: "Little One Eye's Feather."
September, 1914: "Jennie Walks Galloping, Her Methods"; "Rescued by Cankuwanjina"; "The Indian's Gift to the White Man."
March, 1915: "Legends of the Northland."
June, 1915: "A Sunday in America"; "'By Mitchell'"; "Little Doris of Piney Cove."
July, 1919: An Indian number.
September, 1919: A Negro number.

Plays

Alice's House Warming
Just Plain Peter
"Magi of Today" and "Neighbors of Today." See The Lamp.
Ruth's Donation Party
Through the Sunday School Door
Visitors from the Colonial Period

Costumes

American Indian costumes may be constructed by the girls and boys themselves after the following fashion:

For Girls: Full skirt to the ankles, made of brown or tan khaki, with a fringe of the same material sewed around the skirt about four inches from the bottom. A coat of the same material, cut like a middy blouse, extending below the hips, trimmed at the edges of the sleeves with fringe of the khaki, and ornamented with beads across the breast and on the sleeves. Two or three chains of beads should be worn, and also a beaded band around the head.

For Boys: Trousers of khaki cloth, trimmed down the outside seams with a heavy fringe of khaki and red cloth. Bits of fur should be sewed in the fringe at intervals. A coat reaching to the hips, cut straight, trimmed as liberally as desired with fringe and beads. A head-dress may be made of a band ornamented with braid or beads, with as many feathers in it as desirable.

Story Dramatization

"In *Americans All,* the story of 'Ah Suey from China' may be easily dramatized in three scenes. The first scene would take place in the Chinese home of 'Ah Suey,' beginning with the decision of the doctor; the second might be the San Francisco street scene, in which the young man plans 'Ah Suey's' escape, enough of the story being told in the conversation between the two to make the connection clear between the first and second scenes. The third scene, of course, would be in the Rescue Home, in which 'Ah Suey,' in conversation with a girl friend, might tell how she got to the home. Then, into the room, the visitor might be ushered by the 'Little Mother,' and the scene proceed according to the story, except that 'Ah Suey' would remain in the room alone after the visitor has been escorted out. There the conversation which ends the story could take place between the 'Little Mother' and 'Ah Suey.'

"The court scene in the 'Magic Glasses' from Dr. Jay T. Stocking's *Mr. Friend O'Man* is also very dramatic

and almost dramatizes itself. One group of Juniors dramatized four stories from the book giving the complete stories to their audience by means of various devices. 'Queery-Queer' was established on a cushion on the platform in front of the curtain with a book in his hands. Through the curtain or around its end or up from the floor space 'The Wise-and-Wonder-Man' suddenly appeared, and the dialogue which forms the introduction to each story was given. When the long narrative by the 'Wise-and-Wonder-Man' began, the little elf, with many mysterious passes, caused the curtain to be opened, then he ran noiselessly to one of two screens at the back of the stage, and, giving a magic rap upon it, scampered off until the next story. In response to his rap the screen slowly opened, and a little girl, dressed in the simple Greek slip of a narrator, told the story in her own language up to the point where the dramatic action could begin. Then her screen closed, and the players came on. Through the narrative and the dramatic action, 'Queery-Queer' sat unobtrusively upon the floor on his cushion at one side, intently watching the magic which the 'Wise-and-Wonder-Man' had performed." [1]

Stories and Poems

Shining Moon and Little Brother

ANITA B. FERRIS

Pictures which can be easily obtained or illustrated books from the public library should be freely used with this story. For hand-work the children may draw the home of Shining Moon and Little Brother. The memory verse, "Love one another" or "Suffer little children," may be used.

[1] Quoted from *Following the Dramatic Instinct.* See Bibliography.

Little Brother was hanging in his cradle up in a tree. I am quite sure that *your* baby brother never hung up in a tree, but that is where the little Indian sister, Shining Moon, found Little Brother in his cradle this warm June day. Perhaps you have seen the tiny silken cradles of baby butterflies before they wake up and get their wings—little cocoons, swaying with the tree twigs. Little Brother's cradle looked very much like that, only his cradle was made of bark with soft mooseskin fastened over it, and baby was laced in with strong string of deerskin. Bright, pretty feathers hung from the hoop over his head for him to laugh at as they twirled in the wind, and just beneath his chin showed his tiny coat, which had once belonged to Bunny Rabbit.

As the wind swayed the branch to which Little Brother's cradle was fastened, he was tossed up and down, and back and forth. Shining Moon stood in front of him and laughed and laughed at the way Little Brother's red-brown face bobbed about. Then she called to him to see what she held in her tiny skirt.

"See, Little Brother, just *see* all the sweet strawberries I have found!" Little Brother cooed at the red berries, for that was the only way he could talk. Just then Shining Moon's mother came along.

"See my berries, Mother," called Shining Moon, running proudly to meet her mother, "Won't they be enough for our supper?"

"Certainly enough for Shining Moon," smiled mother, as she took Little Brother down and—what do you suppose she did with him?—fastened him on her back, for that is the way Indian mothers carry their babies.

Shining Moon danced happily along by her mother's side until they reached their home, and such a queer home—not a bit like yours or mine. It was just a big skin teepee, or tent, like this (show picture or draw teepee on board). There was no upstairs or down-stairs, or dining-room or bedroom—just the one room, which was really all of these rooms in one, for here Shining Moon, Little Brother and mother and father all ate and slept together.

This afternoon it was so warm and lovely that mother built a fire outside, and began cooking supper out there instead of in her house. While Shining Moon chatted and Little Brother

was blinking from the side of the teepee where his cradle now hung, a strange lady and a little girl suddenly appeared. The lady looked just like one of our mothers, and the little girl was dressed exactly like one of us, but Shining Moon had never seen such people before. She just stood and looked and looked at the little girl, just as you would look and look at little Shining Moon if she should suddenly appear in this room now. The little girl had long yellow curls and wore a white dress, but all the little girls Shining Moon had ever seen before had straight black hair like her own, and wore brown skin dresses or little blankets.

Just then Alice (for that was the little girl's name) smiled, and Shining Moon hung down her head and smiled too. In Shining Moon's hand was a queer little corncob dolly, and Alice pointed to it and said, "Oh, what a cunning little doll!" But Shining Moon had never heard such strange words, and did not know what they meant, so she held up her doll and asked politely, "What did you say?" But Alice had never heard before words like those which Shining Moon used, so she replied: "I don't understand." It was so strange to talk and neither know what the other was saying, so they just stood there looking at each other and said nothing more.

Just then Alice caught sight of Little Brother's bright eyes peering down at them from his cradle. "Oh, what a dear little baby," cried Alice, clapping her hands. Shining Moon smiled then, and Little Brother gave the sweetest little baby chuckle, for every one can understand a smile or a laugh.

"Shining Moon," called the Indian mother, "would you like to go to Sunday-school?"

Sunday-school! Shining Moon had never heard of such a thing before. "This woman," continued Shining Moon's mother, "can speak our words, and she says that in two days there will be a place ready where little girls and boys may come and hear about the Great Spirit. She says He loves all, even little Indian girls and boys, and that some of the white people from the rising sun (the East) who know about Him have come to tell us so."

"There will be other little children," said the white lady gently, "and music and pictures"—and this time Shining Moon understood, for the Lady spoke her own words.

"Oh, do come, I like you so much," cried Alice, putting her arms about Shining Moon. There were the queer sounds again, but Shining Moon understood the friendly little arm, and when the white lady took her hand and asked in the Indian language, "Will you come?" she smiled shyly through her long black hair, and nodded her head.

Snow Children [1]

KATHARINE R. CROWELL

Their names are Angheit, Kannakut, and Pingassuk. They are dressed in fur from head to foot, and they live on an island far, far away in the snow-country.

You will hardly believe it, perhaps, but it is true that upon this far-away icy island, with its snow-houses and igloos and children dressed in sealskin, is a schoolhouse over which floats the "Stars and Stripes." And in the house lives a teacher from "the States" who is both a doctor and a missionary, and his wife, who is a missionary also.

In this school the children with the curious names are taught how to read and write and do number work, how to draw and sew, and how to think and to do right. You would be surprised to see how quickly the little snow-children learn. They generally work by lamplight, for in this snow island the winter days are long and dark, because the sun rises *very* late in the morning and sets *very* early in the afternoon.

It was snowing hard one day. The drifts almost covered the village, and the wind blew the ice-packs down from the North until the ocean, all the way over to the nearest land, was piled up with hummocks as high as a house.

Over these hummocks there came next day a big white bear. Some one spied him, and there was great excitement. All the men and boys hurried to find him. The teacher went, too, and his wife was left alone in the schoolhouse with only a class of girls.

Presently a queer scratching noise was heard, then a pane of glass was broken, and in through the hole came the nose of a big bear. This was not very pleasant, for at any moment the

1 From *Growing Up in America.* By permission, Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

rest of the bear might follow the nose into the room! The frightened children hid under the desk—all except Pingassuk. She got the big poker, whacked the bear's nose, and down it went. The missionary's wife locked the door and pulled down the shade—I don't know why—then she remembered that wild animals are afraid of fire, so she took the lamp and an old newspaper—it must have been old, for mail comes to the snow-island only once a year and that is in the summer—and stood in front of the window and *listened.* The children were almost too frightened to breathe. Presently, *scratch, scratch,* and in through the hole came Mr. Bruin's nose again. Presto! the teacher set fire to the paper, threw up the shade, the paper blazed up, Pingassuk whacked away with the poker, and out and down went the bear.

That night a man shot a big polar bear and found pieces of glass in several cuts in his nose, and *that* is the end of the snow-children's bear story.

But the schoolhouse still stands on the icy island, and the flag floats from it, and the fur-dressed snow-children are learning to read, to think, and to do right.

When Tommy Was the Foreigner [1]

FANNIE L. KOLLOCK

Tommy Bryan did not like No. 4 school because there were so many foreigners, but since that was his district, he had to go there whether he liked it or not. One night he scolded about a new "Dutchie" who had just entered. "Maybe it is as hard on him as it is on you," teased his father, but Tommy said decidedly: "Well, anyhow, if I did go to a new place, I wouldn't act so stupid and wear such silly clothes."

No sooner had Tommy got in bed that night, than a queer little man came to him and said:

"Hurry, Tommy, it's time to go!"

"Go where?" asked Tommy.

"To Holland, of course. Didn't you know your family was going to move there?"

"No, and I don't want to go," said Tommy; but the little man insisted until Tommy dragged himself out to the airship. An

1 By permission of *Everyland,* September, 1910.

airship ride is fun, even to Holland, and it seemed only a few minutes until they came to the ground with a bump, and the little man said, "Now run along to school; there are some boys going now." The airship flew up again, and there was nothing for Tommy to do but follow the boys to the schoolhouse. As he entered the room, every child there looked up at him, stared, giggled, turned to each other, and stared and giggled again. Tommy did not need to understand their language to know that they were making fun of him. The teacher gave him a seat and even she smiled a little. What was so queer about himself? People at home had never laughed at him.

He could not do any of the school work the teacher assigned, and the other pupils called him stupid. He could not play their games, and they made fun of him again. And now he could understand all they said to him as they called out: "Yankee! Yankee! Look at his funny shoes—soft instead of wood. Can't your father make you better shoes than that? See his hair, cut close to his head. Trying to keep cool? What funny trousers! Ran out of cloth, didn't they, to make them so tight?" Tommy stood still, uncertain whether to try to explain that all American boys dressed like that, but the boys ran on, saying, "What is he here for? We don't want foreigners in our school!"

"Well, I didn't want to come," thought Tommy. "They are horrid! I wouldn't treat a dog like they treat——" "What is the matter, Tommy?" asked his mother. "You were talking so loud, I thought you were having early callers." Tommy looked. Yes, it was morning, and he was at home. "Why, mother, they made fun of my clothes, my hair, everything—oh, I forget, it was a dream." He finished telling her while he ate breakfast, and she asked quietly, "Then it wasn't any fun being the foreigner?" Just then the boys called for him, and as one of them shouted, "Here comes Dutchie!" Tommy's mother heard him say, "Now look a-here, fellows, he can't help it cause he's here. Probably he doesn't like it any better than we would in Holland. Let him alone and be decent to him!"

Little Foe of all the World[1]

GRACE BIGELOW HOUSE

"So you have been fighting again, Little Foe of All the World?" said the Lady as she replaced with a clean white handkerchief the dirty, discolored rag that Thaddeus was using to mop the blood from his face.

"What yo' call me, muh?" said Thaddeus suspiciously, as he glanced up in the Lady's face.

"Little Foe of all the World. Don't you think that is a good name for one who fights so much?"

"I don' neber fight nohow, muh," was the unexpected response.

"Oh, come, Thaddeus, what are you telling me now?" said the Lady.

"I 'spect I tellin' lies, muh," said the boy as he turned his face away and puckered up his lips to conceal a smile.

"Thaddeus," commenced the Lady seriously, and then stopped, for she knew not what to say.

Thaddeus was nobody's boy. He had just "happened" into the Corner Plantation and had stayed there. Since then, he had lived with Uncle Scipio Fripp—not because Uncle Scipio had adopted him, but rather because Thaddeus had adopted Uncle Scipio. He was free to roam all day if he chose, and often on a Sunday, when Uncle Scipio would lock up his cabin and go away until Monday, Thaddeus would look out for himself. The neighbors fed him; and when night came, he just crept into a corner of the little shop by the road and slept. Because he felt that nobody cared what became of him, Thaddeus didn't care either; his greatest joy was in fighting every boy he met.

The Lady was the principal of a school where Negro boys and girls for miles around were learning to read and write, to be good farmers, and to make things with their hands. So now the Lady said rather abruptly, "Thaddeus, would you like to go to school?"

Thaddeus was on his guard immediately. "Dunno, muh, 'spect dey might beat me. I t'ink dey might kill me dere."

1 By permission of *Everyland*, September, 1919.

The Lady threw back her head and laughed so heartily that presently Thaddeus's solemn face relaxed. Laughter lurked in the corners of his eyes, and his white teeth gleamed.

"Well, good-by, Thaddeus, you are a funny boy," laughed the Lady as she moved away.

One day not long after, Thaddeus found himself dangling his bare legs from a bench in the front row of St. John House. His teacher, Miss Joyce, found her already taxing and strenuous life made doubly hard by the presence of this "Little Foe of all the World."

A new world and new interests opened up to Thaddeus from his first day of school. Hitherto, he had spent all the energies of his eight or nine years in a struggle for something to eat, a place to sleep in, and a foe to fight. Now, with the same energy, he flung himself into the pursuit of knowledge. Consequently, Thaddeus found that he did not have as much time for fighting, although he still managed to keep in practise.

At the school there was one boy with whom Thaddeus never fought. His name was August. He was thin and shy, very different from the sturdy, masterful Thaddeus, but he and Thaddeus became fast friends. They went everywhere together, and Thaddeus fought many a fist battle to protect August from the older boys.

It was a sad day for Thaddeus when vacation approached. The school doors were closed, the teacher disappeared, and even August, who lived on a far-away plantation, went home for the summer. Never before had Thaddeus felt so lonely, and never had he had more time and inclination to get into trouble.

One day Uncle Scipio went to Savannah. He locked up the cabin, shut up the chickens, and left Thaddeus to his own devices, and Thaddeus's devices as usual brought him to grief. He stole all the eggs and a couple of chickens and sold them to a man going to Beaufort, for he was keen enough to know that he might be questioned if he tried to sell them at the store. When Uncle Scipio returned, he was very angry. He whipped Thaddeus and told him that he was going to send him home. The whipping Thaddeus received with loud, lusty howls, for that he knew was expected of him, but at the mention of his former home, his terror was intense and real. He did not realize that Uncle Scipio had no notion where his home might be. His voice

grew shrill and piteous as he begged, "Kill me, do anything to me! Don' send me back! Don' send me back to dat woman! You kin kill me, I don' mind, but don' send me back! I cyan't go, I cyan't go!"

The old man looked curiously at Thaddeus as he said, "Dere, sonny, shet yo' mouf and stop yo' noise," and the subject was dropped. But Thaddeus was subdued. He lived in constant dread of the careless threat. In those days he forgot to laugh.

When school began in the fall, Thaddeus almost forgot the fear that had haunted him all summer. He wouldn't be "sent back" now. It was easy to be good with August to play and work and laugh with—and there were so many interesting things to learn that he had little time to think about fighting or stealing chickens.

The Lady almost forgot that she had called Thaddeus "Little Foe of all the World." But one day, as she was standing at the door of her house, she saw Uncle Scipio striding toward her. He was leading Thaddeus by the collar. "I ain't neber wants see dat chile no mo'," he cried. "Las' night he done steal all my chickens an' I understood mo' tribulations from dat limb o' Satan till I cyan't stand no mo'. I jes' wash my han's clean ob all hims debilmints an' contrariness an' now I leave him to you an' de Lord. I pray de Lord you have good joys ob him, mum." And without further explanation he hurried forth, leaving a perplexed Lady and a miserable boy.

"Did you steal these chickens, Thaddeus?" said the Lady sadly.

"Yes, muh," he replied sullenly.

"What did you do with them?"

"I gib dem to—to—" he hesitated a second, then with sudden glibness, "I gib dem to August."

"When did you do it?"

"Yesterday, muh, when Uncle Scipio done ben at de Praise House," he answered readily enough.

"Why, Thaddeus, you were here all the evening until Uncle Scipio returned from the Praise House, because the door was locked and you couldn't get in."

Thaddeus looked up with genuine dismay on his face. "I forgot, muh, I 'spect I done stole dem chickens de night befo'," he said stubbornly.

"It is strange that Uncle Scipio did not discover it before. I must look into the matter."

"Please, muh, don't! Please don't!" pleaded Thaddeus eagerly, stretching out his hand. "I'll sho' tell you' de truf, if yo' never tell on August. He stole dese chickens. He broke his big brother's gun, and he was afraid. Yo' see, muh, if August git a bad name, hims ben have all de troubles like-a-me. Now, August, muh, he cyan't stan' all de troubles like I kin. He cyan't fight. I neber wants August to git a bad name like-a-me. I got 'nough uv bad names. I 'spect yous-all name fo' me ain't much good, enny moh?" he questioned wistfully. "What dat yo' calls me? Li'le Foe ob Everybodies?"

This time Thaddeus was telling the truth. The Lady knew that as she looked into his eager dark eyes. "I have a better name for you now, 'Little Friend of all the World.'"

"Is dat a good name fo' true, muh?" asked the child eagerly. "Do yo' 'spects de peoples 'll know I'se got a good name now?"

"They will know if you try to live up to it, Little Friend."

"Well," said Thaddeus with a cheerful confidence, "I 'spect I done live up to my oder name an' I 'spect I kin live up to my new name." Then a sudden doubt crossed his mind. "Don't friends neber fight, muh?"

"I am afraid they do sometimes," the Lady admitted reluctantly.

"I glad ob dat," said the child fervently, "cause I'se got to fight dem chillun to learn dem de mannerses. I 'spect yo' gwine to hab a hard time wid dem chillun in dat school if I ain' been teach dem de mannerses," he said with a solemn mischievous expression, and the lady smiled at the touch of the old Thaddeus.

Then he leaned over and seized the Lady's hand in his two dark ones. "Please, muh, I ain't gwine to tell you no lies, neber no mo', 'cause—'cause we'se friends."

The Least of These[1]

BISHOP ROBERT McINTYRE

Dago, and Sheeny, and Chink;
  Greaser, and Nigger, and Jap;
The devil invented these terms, I think,
  To hurl at each hopeful chap
Who comes so far over the foam
  To this land of his heart's desire,
To rear his brood, to build his home,
  And to kindle his hearthstone fire.
While the eyes with joy are blurred,
  Lo, we make the strong man sink,
And stab the soul with the hateful word,
  Dago, and Sheeny, and Chink.

Dago, and Sheeny, and Chink,
  These are the vipers that swarm
Up from the edge of perdition's brink,
  To hurt and dishearten and harm.
Oh, shame, when their Roman forebears walked
  Where the first of the Cæsars trod;
Oh, shame, when their Hebrew fathers talked
  With Moses and he with God.
These swarthy sons of Japhet and Shem
  Gave the goblet of life's sweet drink
To the thirsty world, which now gives them
  Dago, and Sheeny, and Chink.

Dago, and Sheeny, and Chink;
  Greaser, and Nigger, and Jap;
From none of them doth Jehovah shrink;
  He lifteth them all to his lap.
And the Christ, in his kingly grace,
  When their sad low sob he hears,
Puts his tender embrace around each race
  As he kisses away their tears;
Saying, "Oh, least of these, I link
  Thee to me, for whatever may hap;
Dago, and Sheeny, and Chink,
  Greaser, and Nigger, and Jap."

1 By permission.

Lullaby of the Iroquois [1]

(Tekahionwake)

E. PAULINE JOHNSON

Wee brown baby-bird, lapped in your nest,
Wrapped in your nest,
Strapped in your nest,
Your straight little cradle-board rocks you to rest.
Its hands are your nest;
Its bands are your nest;
It swings from the down-bending branch of the oak.
You watch the camp flame, and the curling gray smoke;
But, oh! for your pretty black eyes, sleep is best.
Little brown babe of mine, go to rest.

Little brown baby-bird, swinging to sleep,
Winging to sleep,
Singing to sleep,
Your wonder-black eyes that so wide open keep.
Shielding their sleep;
Unyielding to sleep;
The heron is homing, the plover is still,
The night-owl calls from his haunt on the hill,
Afar the fox barks, afar the stars peep.
Little brown babe of mine, go to sleep.

The Chinese in Our Land [2]

I come from a land that is over the sea,
And in this land you call me "the heathen Chinee";
You laugh at my ways and my long, braided hair,
At the food that I eat, and the clothes that I wear.

Are you little Christians—you Melican boys—
Who pelt me with stones and who scare me with noise?
Such words that you speak, and such deeds that you do,
Will ne'er make a Christian of heathen Ching Foo.
I may turn from my gods to the God that you praise,
When you love me, and teach me, and show me his ways.

—*Anonymous.*

[1] By permission, *Over Sea and Land.*
[2] By permission, Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

The Kaiak[1]

Over the briny wave I go,
In spite of the weather, in spite of the snow;
What cares this hardy Eskimo?
In my little skiff with paddle and lance,
I glide where the foaming billows dance.
And when the cautious seal I spy,
I poise my ready lance on high,
And then, like lightning, let it fly.

Round me the sea-birds dip and soar,
Like me they love the ocean's roar.
Sometimes a floating iceberg gleams
Above me with its melting streams.
Sometimes a rushing wave will fall
Down on my skiff and cover it all.
But what care I for the waves' attack?
With my paddle I right my little kaiak,
And then its weight I speedily trim,
And over the waters away I skim.

—*Anonymous.*

A Boy in the Philippines

He's a boy in the Philippines;
Shall we grasp his brown right hand?
No matter what he wears,
No matter how he fares,
He belongs to our own loved land.

Yes, his language is strange to us,
And strange are his old-world ways;
But he's ours to reach,
And he's ours to teach,
And we'll find that the teaching pays.

He's a boy in the Philippines,
His future we cannot see;
But cheer him at the start
For the hope that's in his heart
And the man we trust he'll be.

—*Anonymous.*

1 The *kaiak* is a little skiff used by the Eskimos.

AFRICA

For statistics, denominational information, maps, curios, pictures, etc., consult your denominational headquarters.

Helpful Books on Africa

Books starred (*) *contain stories suitable for telling.*
For detailed information consult Bibliography, pages 14-27.

* Adventures with Four-footed Folk. ("Facing an Angry Elephant")
* African Adventurers
* Africa Picture Stories. See *Primary Picture Stories*
* Bothersome Baby, The (Leaflet)
Children at Play in Many Lands
Children of Africa. See *Children's Missionary Series*
Continents and Their People, The—*Africa*
How a Little Girl Went to Africa
* Little Folks of Many Lands ("Osom")
* Livingstone Hero Stories
Livingstone the Pathfinder
Peeps at Many Lands—*Egypt; Morocco; South Africa*
* Round Robin Stories (Leaflet)
* Story Line to Every Land
* T'other and Which
Uganda's White Man of Work
* Under Many Flags ("Tree-not-Shaken-by-the-Wind"; "When Mary Was Afraid"; "The Boy for Whom No One Cared")

* International Graded Sunday School Lessons: Course V, Part 4, "The Man Who Kept His Word"; Course VII, Part 3, "The Converting Power of the Gospel"

Stories suitable for telling may be found in back numbers of *Everyland* as follows:

December, 1913: "In the Missions Shadow"
March, 1915: "The Inananabosela"

Plays

Livingstone Hero Plays

Costumes

African costumes may be constructed by the girls and boys themselves after the following fashion:

For Girls: A straight tunic of red or flowered calico, reaching below the knees, short sleeves, above the elbow. Red kerchief crossed over the shoulders. Black stockings, no shoes. Face, hands, and arms may be blackened.

For Boys: A straight tunic of cotton goods, white or colored, reaching below the knees, and without sleeves. Another costume would be, short trousers to the knee, jacket with or without sleeves, made of striped blue-and-white, red-and-white, or brown-and-white cotton material. Face, hands, and arms may be blackened.

Facts for Juniors

About Africa

A map of Africa is, of course, essential in these talks. If a large map of the world, showing Africa in comparison with other countries, could be used in this first talk it would be an advantage.[1]

Let us look at the size of Africa. It is the second largest continent and is so large that the United States could be tucked nicely into this southern portion.

Which is Africa's longest river? (The Nile.) The Nile is also the longest river in the world. Africa has, too, the longest lake in the world—Tanganyika. The Kongo and Zambezi rivers are also very important.

Besides having the longest river and the longest lake, Africa also possesses the greatest desert in the world. What is its name? (Sahara.)

Africa is such a big country that it has a great variety of climate. We know that winters are very unlike in different

[1] The Missionary Education Movement publishes an outline map of Africa, 28 x 32 inches. Price, 25 cents. Order through denominational headquarters. Denominations also publish maps showing mission stations.

states in our country; so in the great continent of Africa, we find mild, delightful climate in the north on the Mediterranean; a very hot, moist climate in the central part, and a temperate and healthful atmosphere in the southern end.

Just as the continent of North America has political divisions —Canada, the United States, Mexico, and Central America—so the continent of Africa is divided into many parts. First year Juniors who have studied the stories of Joseph can tell what country this is (pointing to Egypt). We know something about these people from our Bible lessons. (Draw from the Juniors their conception of the Egyptians as a people, and correct it if necessary.) Along this northern coast there are people who are very much like the Arabs, the people who live over here on the Arabian peninsula.

In the southern Sudan are people like the Negroes we find in our own country. Down here in the central Kongo region where there are forests so dense that within it is twilight even at noontime, there lives a race of dark pigmies, some of them scarcely more than three feet high.

In the vicinity of the pigmies and south of them are the Bantu peoples, the Hottentots, and little Bushmen.

Most of the people of Africa have a very faint idea of God, and speak of him as the Great-Great, or Old-Old, but they do not think that he cares for them or loves them. They worship spirits which they imagine live in stones, in queer-shaped trees, and in all sorts of natural objects. They believe that these spirits are always evil, and so they are very much afraid of them.

The Africans particularly fear witches and wizards. If they are sick, they think some enemy has bewitched them. If they are unsuccessful in a hunt, they believe magic has been used against them. They have a witch-doctor, whose business it is to find out by charms or by "smelling" the person who has made his neighbor ill by witchcraft. When the witch-doctor claims he has found the guilty person, that poor man or woman is put to death in a very cruel way. The British Government is trying to stop this custom in many parts of Africa, but it is still largely practised.

In order to guard against evil spirits and witches, the Africans make charms or fetishes, as they call them, out of bits of hair, bone, the claws of animals, and other queer objects, or little

carved images. These charms they wear around their necks or about their persons somewhere. There are 130,000,000 Africans and most of them have not been taught to know God, their Heavenly Father.

When Jesus was a baby he was brought to Africa. Do you remember where and why? We must now send Bibles and teachers to the people in Africa that they may know Him and live as He taught. Already there are many thousand Christians in Africa.

Story and Story Playing

The Gift [1]

ANITA B. FERRIS

Bunga squatted by her mother's fire, that fire built in a leaf-thatched hut by the side of the Government trail which led to the heart of the African forest. It was pleasant to watch the bubbling of the peanut porridge in the pot and to know that it was supper time.

Suddenly Bunga sprang up. "What was that?" she asked.

"It is the horn of a caravan," replied her mother, running to the door. "A caravan enters from the forest."

But Bunga was already at the edge of the trail.

First came a weary gun-bearer, blowing his great horn, and then came the brown carriers one after another, bearing the tusks of elephants, three or four men to an ivory.

Silently Bunga counted on her fingers, "One, two, three, four —five ivories!" This must be the caravan of some rich Arab trader or—of a white man, that person of whom Bunga had heard, but never seen.

More ivories came. Bunga began on the other hand, but when most of the fingers of that also were counted off, suddenly she let both hands fall and stood unable to move, her eyes wide, for there by the side of his ivories walked a white man. He had fierce long hair on his chin, and his eyes were a queer, unnatural gray, as if the rain had washed the color out of them. He wore strange clothes all over his body—or was it a brown bark which grew fast on him? Bunga wondered.

[1] By permission of *Everyland*, March, 1918.

The white man stopped. He looked straight down at Bunga.

"Mbolo," he smiled.

"Mbolo," whispered Bunga, not daring to move.

"Do you bid me welcome to Minteta's village?" he asked.

"I bid you welcome," replied Bunga's small voice.

"Is your headman at home?"

Half a dozen men answered, "Here he is. Here is our headman, Minteta!"

"Mbolo," came the greetings.

"Minteta," said the white man, "my carriers are sick with dysentery. Will you give them rest?"

"Most surely will I do that thing, Master," answered Minteta.

"And will you supply me with an equal number of carriers to take their places, Minteta? For my goods must reach the coast in time for the ship."

Minteta spread out his hands in apology. "My men, Master, have not yet returned from carrying loads for the governor, but I have women and girls to carry for you."

"Well," said the white man, "if there are no men, I will take them."

The women and girls! Eagerly Bunga ran to her mother. "Mother," she cried, "we are going to see the big water. Minteta says the women and girls are to carry the loads of the white man."

"Ah, then on that day that is Sunday, I shall see the place that is called the church of God!"

"Not so," answered Bunga, "but we must carry the loads of the Master on that day too, for he says he hunts the thing which is called a ship."

"Minteta has said that we women must carry the loads?" questioned Obela, anxiously.

"Of a truth that is the word that he has said," nodded Bunga.

"Ah, then what am I, a person of the tying of the seventh day, to do? What shall I do? How can I bear to break this tying, which is the one tying of the tribe of God that I know?"

Stricken, Obela stood in the light of her fire, and there stood Bunga too, asking her heart that question.

Then the brightness came to the eyes of Bunga. "Do not hang your heart up, my mother. Perhaps the white man is a person of God. Are not all white men persons of the tribe of

God? And I ask you this question, would he not keep the tying of the seventh day?"

"I must ask him that thing," said Obela, going out with haste.

The white man sat before his fire eating the food his cook-boy had prepared for him. He was finishing the last mouthful of his egg when he heard a soft rustle just on the other side of the fire, and then four shining eyeballs met his own.

"Who is it that seeks me?" asked the white man.

But Obela only trembled. "I fear, I fear very much," she whispered to Bunga.

"I bid you come forward," said the white man sternly.

But suddenly all the strength had deserted Obela, and she could not stir.

Then little Bunga crept out. "Master," she whispered, "it is my mother, who would ask you a question."

"Ask it," nodded the white man, "and fear not."

Then Obela found strength.

"This is the question, Master," she said, and her eyes dared to rest on the colorless eyes of the white man. "Are you a person of God?"

And that white man by the side of his fire in the African forest, with the earnest eyes of the brown woman upon him, did not know where to look or how to answer. When he was a boy in the hut of his father, he had gone to Sunday-school, but how many rainy seasons and how many dry seasons had come and gone since his feet entered the house of God on the seventh day? He could not remember. Therefore he looked into the fire, as he answered, "Once I was a person of God."

"And do you keep the tying of the seventh day, Master?" eagerly Obela pressed him, her heart on her lips.

"Why do you ask?" smiled the white man. "Are *you* a person of God?"

"I would be a person of that tribe," answered Obela, "but there is none to teach me the things of the tribe. One tying I know and that I keep, but I have heard a word that the people of God are tied with ten tyings. I would learn those tyings. The third day from now is the seventh day, and the word has come from Tufa's village to two of us who keep this tying, that on that day the white teachers call the tribe of God to a great meeting."

"Three days from to-day," repeated the white man. "Three days from to-day—ah, yes, I had forgotten. That day is the day that is called Easter, a very great day for the tribe of God."

"Master," begged Obela, "if we start before the sun is made to-morrow, on that third day from now we shall be at the place of the house of God. Master, Master, I am tied not to work on that day, not to carry a load! Master, I will walk all that night, and before the sun is made I shall meet the caravan." Breathlessly Obela knelt by the fire.

For a minute the white master looked at her. "I too shall keep that tying on that day which is called Easter. Go in peace," he said.

Slowly the white man drew from his pocket a pipe and lighted it with a coal from the embers. Fascinated, Bunga watched him, for she had not been able to tear herself away from watching the white man when her mother had run home for joy. The thing which he was smoking she had never seen before.

"Hello!" said the white man, glancing up. "You here still?"

And then, his glance falling upon Bunga's one ornament, a little chain of dog's teeth strung on a strong hair from the tail of an elephant, he continued slowly: "I have a little girl in my home village, and very much she would like to have that necklace you wear. Will you trade with me?" And the white master lifted from a box by his side a wonderful string of red and green glass beads. Never had Bunga seen anything so lovely. The red beads caught the light of the fire and glowed as red as the heart of a coal, and the green beads were as green as new grass after a shower. Without even glancing at her old treasure, Bunga snatched it off and held it out. Tremblingly she took the new string, held it in both her hands to watch its beauty, and then settled it upon her round brown neck. Then Bunga dashed off to show it to her mother.

But all day in the cool of the morning, before the sun was made, and in the heat of the afternoon when she staggered a little beneath the weight of her load, Bunga thought and thought of the white man's little girl in the far country. What did she look like? What did she wear—a bustle of dried grass like Bunga's? Brown clothes like her father's? Would she like Bunga's necklace of dog's teeth? How could she, when she might have a

necklace of red and green beads? Was she—was she a person of God?

In the morning, even before the sun was made, they would be at the place of the church of God. All the caravan talked of it. All that day brown people had passed them, now singly, now in companies—they, too, on their way to the great gathering of the tribe of God on that day that should be Easter. Never had Bunga dreamed the tribe was so many.

That night as the white man sat close to his fire by the side of the great trail, Bunga asked her heart many things of the little girl who was the white man's daughter. At last she crept near.

"Master," she whispered, and the white man took the thing that smoked from his mouth, "Master, that little girl that is your daughter—is she a person of the tribe of God?"

"She is a person of that tribe," assured the man.

"To-morrow, that day that is Easter, will she enter the house of God?"

"She will enter the house of God. And there will be music—and lilies," continued the man.

"Eh, lilies," whispered little Bunga. "They say they hunt the forest for them. And will your little girl make an offering to the Lord?"

"Surely she will do that thing," replied the man.

"I am a person of great ignorance," whispered Bunga. "What is the thing that one should offer to the Lord?"

The man looked so long into the fire that Bunga thought he had not heard. Slowly he drew from his pocket a shining round thing. "This I think my little girl will offer."

"I see," answered Bunga, and there were no more questions in her.

With the blowing of the trumpet early on the morning that was Easter, the caravan of the white master swung into the village of the house of God. Never had Bunga or her mother dreamed that there were so many persons in the land of the Bulu people. Frightened, Bunga clung to her mother. Frightened, Obela clung to Bunga, until she saw Manjura, who had brought the message to Tufa's village. Then Bunga felt lost indeed, while her mother talked—lost in a great sea of brown bodies.

The white master had been busy about his caravan. Now he too looked lost and strange. The people were entering the house of God—hundreds and thousands of them!

"Bunga," whispered the white man, "my little girl is in a far country. Will you go with me into the house of God?"

"Yes, Master," answered Bunga, and hand in hand they walked through a doorway into the cool, dim shade of the house and sat down upon the hard-beaten earth of the floor.

Then the people sang—those many tens of brown people—sang a song of praise to Zambe, the Creator. After that fell a great silence, such a silence as Bunga had never heard before. The white man talked of Zambe and of his son Jesus, who had died but was alive again to make all men happy on this day. Not much did Bunga understand except that all who believed in Jesus were happy and not afraid.

The people—those many tens of men and women and children—sang again. Came another silence, while the white man spoke once more. He said, while the tribe of God seemed very large, it was really very small when one thought of the many tens of villages hidden everywhere in the forest; of the many tens of villages in which but one or two were persons of God; of the many, many tens of villages where no teacher had ever gone to tell of Zambe. How could these people hear unless teachers were sent to them? And how could teachers be sent unless they were first taught? And how could they be taught unless gifts were made for their schools and their teaching? The white people were giving and sending white teachers, but they could not do all the work. The brown people must help too.

Bunga heard and understood. Did they not want a teacher in her village to tell them of the ten tyings; to teach them about this loving Jesus, son of Zambe? But what could Bunga give? Her hands were empty. Her mother was drawing something from the folds of the cloth she wore about her hips. It was an egg.

The people were rising in companies to make their offering. All stepped forward gladly with something in their hands—a bit of ivory, copper wire, food. Now those about Bunga were moving forward. Bunga bowed her head in shame. Why, there beneath her chin hung her new bead necklace! Still Bunga stood, as if turned to stone, while through a crack in the thatched

siding a long finger of hot sunshine pierced the cool gloom and glowed upon those red and green beads—her beautiful, beautiful beads which were so new! Other girls had bracelets of shining copper wire—many bracelets and anklets—but Bunga had only the red and green beads, so beautiful and so new. They were so beautiful—Bunga put her hand up at the thought—perhaps they would be enough to send a teacher to her village. Bunga's heart pounded against her brown skin. Her beads or the teacher—which? Which? She looked up. Unmindful of her, her mother and Manjura were eagerly pressing forward with their gifts—her mother who so longed to be a person of God, and there was none to teach her. Slowly Bunga lifted the necklace over her head.

Tremblingly Bunga held the bright beads out. Slowly the teacher smiled into her eager, frightened eyes. "This is the most beautiful gift which has been made to-day," he said.

Bunga's voice was almost a whisper. "Will it send a teacher to our village?"

"Truly it will send a teacher," said a voice behind her, and Bunga looked up into the eyes of the white master, who had come softly forward and was placing something round and yellow and shining into the other hand of the white teacher. "My gift is made because of yours."

The white teacher nodded too. "Surely it will do much good," he answered.

Into Bunga's eyes crept a great joy. "Then I give it from my heart!" she said as she slipped away.

It was the end of the day that was Easter. Here and there and everywhere the many brown people who had come to worship God built little twinkling fires in the dusk to cook their evening meal. And there by the side of her mother's fire Bunga asked her heart a question. In the twilight, up and down, making a smoke, walked the white master.

Then Bunga must ask that question.

"Master, Master," she whispered, coming close, "the gift that the little girl that is your daughter has made this day, will it too send a teacher?"

"That gift in a far country," answered the white man slowly, "how do I know that it was as large a gift as yours?"

Story Playing

"The *Livingstone Hero Stories,* by Susan Mendenhall, have been dramatized by the author of this book. The first story had to be entirely recast, and the thought of it presented rather than a liberal dramatization made. The fight with the lion was arranged by means of a device, the story of the fight off stage being made clear through the description by two of the men on the stage who were stationed there to prevent the escape of any lion which might chance to come their way, and by more or less vivid off-stage business." [1]

African Games [2]

Hen and Wildcat

One is chosen to be the hen and one the cat, the others form the brood of chickens. The hen leads the chickens around and warns them of approaching danger. The cat springs out and tries to catch any silly chicken who fails to drop at the mother-hen's warning.

This game, which depends on the quickness of the players, is likely to be a merry one.

African London Bridge

One is chosen to be the mother, and all the others, except two who form the arch, are the children. The mother with her children passes under the arms of the other two. The child caught is drawn aside for the choice between a cake of gourd seed or a peanut porridge, a necklace of beads or a bow and arrow. The children are caught and ranged in lines until there remain none but the mother and one who is now called "The only child." This remnant of a once numerous family takes to the bush, but the mother comes forth from time to time and tosses a handful of grass toward the others, who ask her in chorus:

[1] Quoted from *Following the Dramatic Instinct.*
[2] From *Children at Play in Many Lands,* and "Other Children" (leaflet).

"How big is the only child now?"

"The only child creeps," says the mother.

"Hay-a-a!" exclaim the chorus after this.

Chorus: "How old is the only child now?"

Mother: "The only child walks."

Chorus: "Hay-a-a!"

And so on until the only child grows up, is married, and has a baby of her own. Then the grandmother is asked questions about the child of the only child.

Chorus: "How old is the child of the only child now?"

Mother: "The child of the only child creeps!"

Chorus: "Hay-a-a!"

And then the grandmother responds that "he walks," "he sets traps," one day "he has killed a little antelope," another day "he has killed a big antelope," and now "he has killed an elephant!"

"Hay-a-a!" shouts the chorus as this climax is reached, and one after another comes to beg a piece of elephant-meat from the child of the only child, who now comes out of hiding. One after another is refused until he finds the one who pleases him, and to her he gives a piece of the meat. They then run away together, all the others following.

CHINA

Write to denominational headquarters for additional material: curios, maps, leaflets, reports, costumes, etc. See specimen program on China, page 6.

Helpful Books on China

Books starred (*) *contain stories suitable for telling.*
For detailed information consult Bibliography, pages 14-27.

As They Play in China (Leaflet)
* Bothersome Baby, The (Leaflet)
Children at Play in Many Lands
China Mission Year Book
* China Picture Stories. See *Primary Picture Stories*
Chinese Boy and Girl
* Chinese Fairy Stories
Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes
* Fly Away Doctor, The (Leaflet)
* Friends in Other Lands (Leaflet)
* Happy Day (Leaflet)
* Hero Tales (Leaflet)
* Honorable Crimson Tree, The
* Lamplighters Across the Sea
* Mook
Our Little Chinese Cousin. See *Little Cousin Series*
Peeps at Many Lands—*China*
* Round Robin Stories (Leaflet)
* Story Line to Every Land
Strange Things China Boys and Girls Do (Leaflet)
Ten Minute Programs—*China*
* T'other and Which
* Under Many Flags ("Under Two Flags"; "Sixty-six Days with Bandits")
When I Was a Boy in China
Young China Hunters

* International Graded Sunday School Lessons: Course V, Part 3, "Making the First Chinese Bible"

Stories suitable for telling may be found as follows in *Everyland,* March, 1914: "A Chinese Waif in War-time"; "Greater Than the Conqueror"; "My Experiences in America"; "Stories I Learned at School"; "The Colored Glasses"; "The Completion of the Moon."

Costumes

The costumes for the girls and boys can be made practically the same. Use blue cotton cloth; other colors, such as brightly flowered goods for the girls' coats, may be used, but the dull blue is more characteristically Chinese. Both boys and girls wear long trousers.

For Boys: Rather long coats, extending half way between the knee and the ankle. They are fastened together by loops made of tape, with knotted tape buttons on the right side, closing up to the throat. Over the coat the boys may wear a sleeveless vest, buttoning also on the side. Often the vest is made of black cloth.

For Girls: Somewhat shorter coats, coming just above the knee. They fasten like those for boys. The sleeves are straight and do not come into a tight cuff at the wrist. Often the girls' coats are edged with embroidery or plain material. Black is very effective. A band of embroidery or plain material should be around the bottom of their trousers.

Story Dramatization

"Miss Willcox has dramatized the story of 'Precious Flower and the Flies'[1] from the Junior book, *The Honorable Crimson Tree.* 'Mai-Ling's Adventure,' from the same book, may be easily dramatized by throwing the story into two scenes. The first would be the kitchen scene in which place most of the story happens. The second might be the school-room after Mai-Ling has fallen into it, with enough explanation brought out in the beginning to make clear how Mai-Ling has arrived. The episode may then conclude as does the story."[2]

1 See Bibliography.
2 Quoted from *Following the Dramatic Instinct.* See Bibliography.

Facts for Juniors

About China

These brief topics are intended only as a suggestion and outline for Junior Superintendents. Every Superintendent will enjoy arranging her own talks according to the time at her disposal. A map is essential.[1] The older Juniors will have had sufficient geography to answer correctly a few simple questions.

Where is China located? Show on the map how you would go from your home to China. Does any one know how far China is from your home? (From New York about 11,000 miles.)

Who can name its two largest rivers? (Hwang Ho and Yangtze.) All of China proper, together with her outlying territory, makes a very large country, larger than the United States with all her island possessions and Alaska, and she has more than three times as many people as we. If all the people of China took hold of hands, allowing four feet for each person, they would measure ten times around the earth at the equator.

The Chinese nation is very old, and hundreds of years before Christ was born they built a big wall to keep back the wild, savage tribes from entering the northern part of their country. This wall is still standing and contains so much material that a wall five or six feet high could be made out of it which would reach around the world. Think how patient and persistent the Chinese must have been to build such a wall for a distance of 1,500 miles across the northern part of their country. (Show a picture of the wall.)

Nearly three hundred years ago, some cousins of the Chinese, called the Manchus, were invited into the country from the north in order to settle a quarrel. They liked the country so well that they stayed and made themselves the rulers. The Chinese were not glad then to have the Manchus stay, for they did not enjoy having outsiders rule over them.

During the last fifty years the Chinese have come in contact with Europe and America, have shared our education and ob-

[1] Outline map of China (28 x 32 inches) is published by M. E. M. 25 cents. Order through denominational headquarters.

served our sense of patriotism and have grown to realize their responsibility toward their own country. They began to feel more and more that they wished to rule themselves, and that they wanted their country to be great and progressive like the nations of Europe and America. So in 1912 there was a revolution, the Manchus were removed from the throne, and China became a republic. It has remained so ever since with the exception of the year 1915-16 when it again became an empire, with the president made emperor, and again for a few days in 1917 when the boy emperor was restored to the throne. This is the flag of the Chinese Republic. (Have a flag made in advance by one of the classes and at this time let the children tell the meaning of the colors. The flag should be in the proportion of two to three. It should have horizontal strips of equal width in the following order of colors from top to bottom—red, yellow, blue, white, black. The meaning of the colors is as follows:

Red for Han, or pure Chinese people; yellow for Manchu; blue for Mongolian; white for Tibetan; black for Mohammedan.

Most of the Chinese people dress as is shown in these pictures. (Show pictures.) Some of them, however, especially in port cities where there are many foreigners, dress more as we do. The people are mostly farmers. They are very industrious and work hard from daylight till dark. The poor people live almost entirely on rice and tea.

Their homes we would not think at all comfortable. For the most part they have earthen floors and a few paper windows or none at all, so they are dark and damp. In winter they are unheated. If a Chinese boy is cold, he simply puts another coat on top of the one he is wearing, and they will tell you how cold it is by saying it is a three-coat day or a four-coat day or a five-coat day.

The little children have many nursery rhymes and the boys and girls have numerous games, some of which have been translated for us so that we can play them too. (One or two of the games might be described.)

Most Chinese boys and girls have to go to school on Saturdays and Sundays as well as on other days, and school begins before breakfast at six o'clock in the morning!

The boys of Junior age who go to the old-fashioned classical schools have to learn all their lessons by heart, shouting them

aloud to learn them, and then recite them with their backs to the teacher.

The missionaries, however, have had schools for many years where the pupils study as they do in our country. Now the government has established a new school system much like our own. China is adopting many of our customs, among them the celebration of Arbor Day by all school children.

The greatest moral teacher of China lived five hundred years before Christ came to earth, and his name was Confucius. He taught the Chinese obedience to their parents and worship of the spirits of their ancestors, so when the mother or father of a Chinese boy or girl dies, the children must worship the spirit of their parent. They offer incense and food to a little wooden tablet in which the spirit is supposed to live.

Many Chinese believe also that there are spirits in the earth and in the air, so they are afraid to dig for coal and other minerals for fear of disturbing the spirits which they believe live in the earth. They build their streets narrow and crooked to prevent the evil spirits from entering their towns, for they believe a spirit cannot turn a corner.

Every Chinese New Year's day a kitchen god is pasted up in the living-room. This paper god is supposed to see and hear all that goes on in the family during the year, and to carry the report to the "Lord of Heaven" at the end of the year when the kitchen god is burned and his spirit goes up to heaven in smoke. In order that he may tell no evil tales, they glue his lips shut with some sticky substance before they burn him, while they chant this rhyme:

"Come, god of the kitchen,
O grandfather Chang!
Come, here is your pudding
And here is your tang.
Go, flit up to heaven;
Be gone in a trice;
Forget all the bad
And tell only what's nice."

The first Protestant missionary who went to China was Robert Morrison, an Englishman, who journeyed to Canton by way of the United States, in 1807. (If your department is using the graded Sunday-school lessons, the pupils who have had the

second year work can tell why Morrison had to come to the United States in order to get to China, and something of the great service which he rendered China.) Since then Christian missionaries have built hospitals, schools, colleges, churches, and have started Sunday-schools. Many Chinese have become Christians and have begun to form missionary societies of their own to help their countrymen to become Christians. (Tell of some way in which your church is serving these people and how the Juniors may help. This you can learn from your denominational mission board.)

Stories and Exercises

A Story About China for Primary Children

ANITA B. FERRIS

Far away over the sea, there are some little children who have bright little round faces, black eyes, and straight black hair. They are our little Chinese brothers and sisters. They do not dress quite as we do, but look like this doll, which little Chinese girls play with. (Show Chinese doll.) They play all sorts of games and know many Chinese Mother Goose rhymes.

We say, "This little pig goes to market" (perhaps a child may finish the rhyme), while they say (taking hold of the fingers of the nearest child):

This one's old,
This one's young,
This one has no meat;
This one's gone
To buy some hay,
And this one's on the street.

Instead of "Jack and Jill"—can some one say "Jack and Jill for us?—the Chinese children tell a story about a little mouse:

He climbed up the candlestick,
  The little mousey brown,
To steal and eat tallow,
  And he couldn't get down.
He called for his grandma,
  But his grandma was in town,
So he doubled up into a wheel,
  And rolled himself down.

And when the wind blows at night, they sing a little song about "Old Grandmother Wind":

Old Grandmother Wind has come from the east;
She's ridden a donkey—a dear little beast.
Old Mother-in-law Rain has come back again,
She's come from the north on a horse, it is plain.

Old Grandmother Snow is coming you know,
From the west on a crane—just see how they go!
And old Aunty Lightning has come from the south,
On a big yellow dog with a bit in his mouth.

But one unhappy thing about these Chinese little people is that they and their mothers and fathers do not know that they have a Heavenly Father who loves them. They never say, "Now I lay me down to sleep." They don't know that our Heavenly Father takes care of them during the night, or that he gives them food and flowers and all the beautiful things out of doors, so they cannot say "thank you" to him. The only way they can know about our Heavenly Father and Jesus and Christmas and Sunday is for us to tell them. And don't you think our Heavenly Father would like to have us tell them about Him and His love?

Most of them haven't any kindergartens or Sunday-schools to go to, and they don't even know when Sunday comes. It's just like any other day, and those who are old enough have to go to school on that day just as our brothers and sisters go to school on Monday.

We can all help by bringing our offering to Sunday-school every single Sunday and never forgetting, for part of it will help send some teachers to our little Chinese brothers and sisters. The teachers have to travel such a distance to China on the train and on the big boats that some of the money we give will be needed to help buy their tickets, and more of it to help build Sunday-schools after they get there. Think how happy our Father in Heaven will be when all the little Chinese boys and girls know and love him.

The children may be invited to bring picture-cards to send to a mission school. This will be a very simple mode of "helping" that little children can understand.

Hymns appropriate to use in connection with this story are: "Jesus loves me," "All things bright and beautiful," and "He prayeth best who loveth best." These help to bring out the idea of God's universal love. The last-named teaches that we too must love all if we would serve acceptably.

Tren Lien [1]

MARY PRESTON

Were you ever sick or did you ever break a leg? Did it hurt? And did you like to lie still? And were you very patient? And did you think all the time about how to make other people happy? Or were you as cross as could be? After a time you got well, and the pain stopped. But there are a good many cripples in the world, men and women, and boys and girls, too, for whom the pain never stops, yet who are patient and happy and do things for other people in spite of it. They're among the biggest heroes I know. I should not wonder if by and by in Heaven God gave such people some kind of medal better than the ones we know how to give here.

I want to tell you to-day about a crippled Chinese girl whose name is Tren Lien. They brought her into a missionary hospital over in China one day when she was still quite a little girl and before she had begun to be a heroine at all. The doctors shook their heads when they saw her poor twisted back and limbs. And her nurse confided to the others, after the first day, that the new patient had, not only a very useless body, but quite the ugliest temper imaginable.

"But then it's no wonder," she added quickly, "for she's never had a minute free from pain. And people have not been kind to her."

That's one thing, you see, about countries where people don't know Jesus. They are not gentle with those whose bodies are not perfect. A poor body is the sign of a bad heart inside, they think; and it is only when they start to follow Jesus and try to do just as He did that they begin to love cripples as much as anybody else.

The people with whom Tren Lien had lived did not know Jesus, and just of herself she was certainly not a lovable girl; so I suspect she had had a very hard time of it till they brought her to the hospital.

There she started out just the same way, snarling and screaming and fighting with her fists and refusing to do what the nurses told her. But the hospital folk were not like those back in her home. No matter how naughty she was, they never

[1] By permission of Congregational Foreign Boards.

scolded or struck her or called her names or wished that she were dead. They were always gentle. She could not understand it at all. At first she was amazed, then she grew curious. And after awhile she began to be gentler herself, because she was ashamed to be anything else! "You act as if you loved me," she said one day to the nurse. "Why do you?"

Then the nurse, who had a beautiful smile, sat down by the side of the bed and told her a long story. Can you guess what it was? It was a story Tren Lien had never heard before, though you have heard it many times. At the end the nurse said, "So you see it is because Jesus came and because we love Him that we try to help sick people. Jesus wants you to love Him, too, Tren Lien, and let Him make your heart beautiful."

Tren Lien had never thought of trying to have a beautiful *heart;* she had only thought about her crippled body which never could be beautiful. But she liked the idea so much that then and there she gave her heart to Jesus. This is where the heroine part of the story begins, for, first of all, it takes a very hard fight and a very brave person indeed to stop scolding and be sweet-tempered and loving while her body just hurts and hurts and hurts. At first Tren Lien made many mistakes; but little by little the cross wrinkles faded out of her face, and the sharp sound disappeared from her voice, and the other patients grew to want to be in the same ward with her. "Tren Lien is like sunshine," one of them said after awhile.

That's the first chapter. The second chapter of how Tren Lien became a heroine began one morning when she was twelve years old. The doctor, coming through the ward, stopped to speak to her, and Tren Lien looked up and said, "Dr. Stone, I wish I could go to school."

The doctor was thunderstruck. She had been able to straighten out the poor body so it no longer hurt so badly, but she was not able to cure it. She asked gently, "How *could* you go to school? You know you cannot walk, Tren Lien, or even sit alone."

"The other girls will carry me on their backs," was the answer, "and we can fix some cushions."

Would you be as brave as that, I wonder?

So Tren Lien went to school and worked hard. And soon it appeared that God had put a very good mind into her poor twisted body. Day after day she worked, and after a while she

caught up with the other girls of her age. Then she grew to be a leader among them, and they all loved her dearly. It wasn't always easy, but she wouldn't give up, even when it was hardest. And she was very happy.

Then one day—and this is the third chapter—when she had been in the school a long while, the missionary, Miss Hughes, who was the principal of the school, came to her. There was a troubled frown on her forehead. All the towns round about were beginning to start schools for girls; they had never had them before and now they wanted to begin. First, of course, they had to have teachers. And there were not any teachers except those graduating from the mission school. So all the villages sent to Miss Hughes and asked for teachers, and soon there were none left to send.

On this particular morning a specially important village wanted a teacher. "There isn't any for you," said Miss Hughes. Then she hesitated; there was Tren Lien! "But Tren Lien couldn't do it," she thought to herself. "It would be too hard. The people hate cripples too much."

Yet after awhile she went to Tren Lien and told her about it.

Tren Lien's heart sank into the very soles of her pretty silk shoes.

"You could take Yah Ti with you," said Miss Hughes. "She never studied enough to be a teacher, but she could dress you and run errands for you and punish the children if they were naughty. And you could do the teaching."

Tren Lien nodded. She was thinking how the people would scorn her and say sharp things and talk about her behind her back. Perhaps the children wouldn't even come to a school where there was only a cripple for teacher! It was quite the hardest thing Miss Hughes could have asked her to do.

But as I told you at the beginning, Tren Lien's body may be twisted, but she's braver than most well, strong people. So after a bit she looked up and smiled—the smile which was the sign of the beautiful heart Jesus had helped her to have.

"If I'm needed, I will go," she said.

There's a great deal more of the story. How the new school began with six unwilling pupils, and how Tren Lien won their hearts until people did not care that she was a cripple and there were fifty instead of six! How after awhile they asked her the

same questions that she had asked the nurse in the hospital, and she was able to tell them about Jesus. How she started boys' and girls' clubs and a Sunday-school.

But the story does not end there. A cripple girl in this country heard about Tren Lien's brave fight and wanted to build a school for other crippled Chinese children—the very first one in all that big country. She managed to raise the money for it and Tren Lien, the little Chinese cripple, is the head teacher.

Yow-To's First Lesson [2]

Long, long ago, not far from the Yellow River, there lived a little boy whose name was Yow-to. One day when Yow-to was feeling very old and wise, he said to his father: "How can you expect me to make any money if you keep me housed up forever here at home? Just give me a chance, and I'll show you what a fellow of my ability can do."

His father was somewhat amused, but felt pleased to hear that he was willing to do something toward his own support.

"All right, my boy," said he, "I'll give you a start. I'm not sure you are old enough to go to work for yourself, but I can soon find out. To-morrow you may take a wheelbarrow, fill it with the choicest pears you can find in the orchard, and sell them along the river road. Then we shall see."

Yow-to was delighted with his father's plan. Early the next morning he hurried into the orchard to make first choice of the fruit, and by breakfast time his barrow was laden with the largest and mellowest of Chinese pears.

It was the middle of August and a sweltering day. The whole world seemed thirsting for the rain that would not fall. As far as the eye could see, the great highway was dotted with blue-clad laborers going to their work, while early-rising hucksters laden with their wares were pushing forward toward the village markets. Other men were walking beside their donkeys in the dusty road, urging on the patient little beasts that stumbled along beneath their loads.

As Yow-to journeyed on, pushing his tempting wares before the eyes of thirsty travelers, he knew well that it would be a good day for selling, and he resolved to charge a higher price for pears than his father had suggested.

[1] Abridged from *Chinese Fairy Stories,* by permission Thos. Y. Crowell Company.

Many a hard bargain did he drive, and many a copper cash jingled merrily in his money-bag. Yet, so large was his one-wheeled cart that, when he sat down at noon by the roadside to rest beneath a shade tree, some pears still remained to be sold in the afternoon. Near by were other toilers, also resting, who became his customers and then lolled back in the shade, eating contentedly the liquid fruit. A few who had no money eyed the big pears wistfully.

As Yow-to sat munching his wheaten cake, he heard some one suddenly approach just behind him, and, turning, he beheld a bent old man looking longingly in his direction. The stranger's scant beard was white as snow, and his cue had scarcely hair enough to braid.

"What is it, old teacher?" said Yow-to respectfully as the old man came nearer. "Would you like to buy a pear? They are the best on the market."

"Alas, yes, young man," said the sage, "but I have no money."

"Oh," said Yow-to, a chill coming all at once into his voice, "I see."

"But, my friend, I feel sure you can well afford to give an old man one of your pears. You have so many, and I crave but one."

Yow-to made no answer, but, leaning over, picked out one of the fattest pears. The stranger's face lighted up as he saw it, but Yow-to, instead of offering the fruit to him, began to set his own teeth in it.

"Then you refuse to give me one, you who have so many?" said the old man sadly. "I have traveled many weary miles since daylight. I am past seventy, and have not had this day a morsel of bread or a sip of tea."

"I did not come this far in the broiling sun to give out alms," replied Yow-to shortly. "There are beggars enough passing my father's gate each day to eat up everything that grows inside his orchard. If you have money, I am ready for business; if not, why bother me any longer?"

Several of the stragglers under the trees now came up, ready to have a part in what was going on; but they did not take sides with the young merchant.

"But I am dying of thirst, and you can save me," pleaded the man. "Would you see me perish?"

"Give the old fellow a pear, boy, and be done with it," said

a bystander. "Judging by the price you charge, you can afford to do a little for charity. If you don't want to give him your largest, pick the smallest in the pile, but, for the sake of pity, don't let the old uncle drop by the roadside."

But Yow-to would not be coaxed into parting with a penny of what might be taken to his father. The pears were his, he told them, and not to be thrown away, not even the smallest, but sold for good copper cash.

"Think how much merit you can win by doing this good deed," suggested one.

"If you wish somebody to win merit," said Yow-to, "buy the pear with your own coin and give it to the beggar yourself."

At the word "beggar," the aged man's face flushed to a deep red, and he seemed to remain silent only by great effort. The stranger whom Yow-to had challenged, unwilling to lose credit in the eyes of those around him, and at the same time really feeling sorry for the man, quietly counted out the price of a pear.

The graybeard took the gift with a sigh of gratitude and was soon enjoying it to the full. Each mouthful apparently gave him as much pleasure as the water of life, and not until the last morsel had disappeared did he turn to the group around him. Beckoning them closer, he bade them watch carefully.

"Look," he said, taking a seed which he had saved from the pear; "behold in this tiny seed a power which will teach each of us a lesson."

Curious to see what he would do next, the group who had by this time gathered about the speaker fixed their eyes sharply on him. Stepping from under the shade tree, he hollowed out a place in the soil and planted the seed. After covering it gently with the soft earth which, strange to say, seemed to grow darker and richer at his touch, he asked if one of the crowd would kindly fetch a pot of water. Ready to help along in the strange thing which seemed about to take place, a little boy ran to do the wizard's bidding.

The water was brought and poured upon the spot where he had buried the seed.

Five minutes passed by—then, "Look, look!" cried the astonished crowd. "Wonder of wonders! Can it be possible? A tree is springing up!"

Sure enough, as Yow-to and the others looked, they saw slender shoots growing up before their very gaze. As the planter continued to water his miniature tree, so intense was the excitement round about him, that one and all forgot the burning heat of the August sun. Higher and higher grew the pear tree. Branches sprang from the parent trunk, leaves began to form upon the graceful twigs, until at last a beautiful full-grown tree stood where before the soil had been desolate and barren.

"He is a fairy!" shouted one man.

"A tree god more likely," said another.

"The holy one," cried a third.

But the old man paid no attention to these comments.

"Hark ye," said he, "my labor is not ended."

They craned their necks again, and saw a thousand tiny buds appearing, which swelled in turn and blossomed until the tree was one mass of fragrant flowers. The petals faded, leaving in their stead a crop of infant pears upon the magic tree. Larger and larger grew the fruit, until at last the strong limbs bowed low beneath the burden.

All those present stood as in a dream, believing that they had been taken suddenly into the heart of fairy-land. Then they heard the old man say: "Pick, eat, and be filled. As you have been merciful unto me, so shall your mercies be returned to you."

Plucking the largest pear within his reach, he handed it to the man who had befriended him. This was the signal for a general stampede, for each one present was wildly anxious to taste of what had been so marvelously produced before his very eyes. So great had the crowd become by this time, that when the last man had taken his share not one pear remained upon the tree.

Then the wizard stepped up to the tree, and rapping upon the bark with his fingers, paused as if awaiting another marvel. At once the tree began to shrivel, the leaves turned brown and withered. Where but an instant before the grateful shade had cooled the passers-by, once more the sun beat down upon their heads.

When there was nothing left but a gnarled piece of wood no larger than a cane, the old man laid hold of this as one would seize a walking stick, and, saying nothing to the gaping crowd, strode forth along the dusty highway.

The people looked after him until he had disappeared from sight, too amazed to speak.

Yow-to, awaking with a start from his dream of wonder, turned toward his wheelbarrow, thinking it high time to start about his own business. As he looked, another wonder met his gaze—the little cart was entirely empty. A cry of surprise escaped his lips, and in an instant the meaning of the whole thing flashed before him. He had been given, by a miracle, the true reward of the selfish.

Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes [1]

An exercise arranged for three primary girls with dolls. If possible the dolls should be Chinese, or American dolls dressed in Chinese clothes, their hair arranged in Chinese fashion or covered with caps. It is also effective to have the little girls dressed in Chinese costume if possible.

First Girl: (*Taking the doll's foot and pretending to pull each little toe in turn as an American mother does with her baby when she recites "This little pig."*)

This little cow eats grass,
This little cow eats hay,
This little cow drinks water,
This little cow runs away,
This little cow does nothing,
Except lie down all day,
We'll whip her.

(*With the last line she playfully pats the foot of the doll.*)

Second Girl: (*Pretending in the last part of the stanza to teach her doll to walk.*)

You dear little baby,
Don't you cry;
Your father's drawing water,
In the South, near by.
A red-tasseled hat
He wears on his head.
Your mother's in the kitchen,
Making up bread.

[1] From *Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes.* Isaac T. Headland. Copyright, Fleming H. Revell Co.

Walk a step, walk a step,
  Off he goes;
See, from his shoe-tips
  Peep three toes.

THIRD GIRL: (*Rocking her doll in her arms.*)

My baby is sleeping;
  My baby's asleep;
My flower is resting;
  I'll give you a peep:
How cunning he looks
  As he rests on my arm!
My flower's most charming
  Of all them that charm.

(*Recitation by either of the children.*)

There was a little girl
  Who would run upon the street.
She took rice and changed it
  For good things to eat.

Her mother lost control of her
  Until she bound her feet;
But now she's just as good a girl
  As you will ever meet.

(*The little girl who recites the following rhyme should walk up and down pretending to water flowers from a basin.*)

I water the flowers; I water the flowers;
I water them morning and evening hours.
I never wait till the flowers are dry;
I water them ere the sun is high.
A basin of water, a basin of tea;
I water the flowers; they're op'ning, you see;
A basin of water, another beside,
I water the flowers; they're op'ning wide.

Which Land is Topsy-Turvy?[1]

An exercise arranged for two Junior boys, one in Chinese costume. The boy representing America may read his part in the dialogue, although he should be so familiar with the statements

1 Adapted from pamphlet by Women's Board of Missions of the Methodist Church of Canada.

that he does not have to follow the paper all the time. The boy representing China can easily memorize his replies, for of course he simply follows the statements of the American boy.

American Boy	Chinese Boy
We bake our bread.	We steam ours.
In rowing a boat, we pull.	We push.
We keep to the right.	We turn to the left.
Our pillows are soft.	Ours are hard.
Our sign of mourning is black.	Ours is white.
Windows in our houses are glass.	Ours are paper.
We shake hands, like this. (*Shakes other boy's hand.*)	This is our way. (*Shakes his own hand.*)
We eat with knives and forks.	We use chop-sticks.
We write with pen or pencil.	We use a brush.
We have an alphabet.	We use characters like this. (*Holds up a paper with two or three Chinese characters painted on it.*)
We read from left to right horizontally.	We, from right to left perpendicularly.
We study in silence.	We study aloud.
We divide the day into twenty-four hours.	We, into twelve.
The sun gives us our time.	We get ours from the moon.
Our children play marbles and fly kites.	Our old men do those things.
Our given name comes first.	Ours comes last.
Candles are fitted into candle-sticks.	Our candle-sticks fit into candles.
We are fond of milk and butter.	We use neither.
Our boys and men lift their hats as an act of courtesy.	Ours keep them on.
The needle of our compass points north.	Ours, south.

As Others See Us [1]

This exercise is arranged for four Junior boys, three in Chinese costume and one in American dress. The American boy is supposed to be walking along a street in China. The three Chinese boys meet him, gaze at him curiously, block his way. The American bows, and the Chinese reply in native fashion, by clasping the hands, moving them up and down and bowing from the waist at the same time. They then begin their questions with as much naturalness as possible. Personal questions are not considered impolite in China.

First Chinese Boy: (*Coming close and looking curiously at the American boy.*) Why do you foreigners wear such tight clothes? I don't see how you move in them!

American Boy: Oh, they are comfortable. It is the custom in my country to wear clothes like these.

First Chinese Boy: How queer!

Second Chinese Boy: Why is your hair white—are you very old?

American Boy: (*Laughing.*) Oh, that is just the natural color.

Third Chinese Boy: Why do your men wave sticks in the air when they walk along the streets?

American Boy: They are carrying *canes,* because, because—oh, it is just a custom in our country, you know.

First Chinese Boy: (*To second, in a low tone.*) What nonsense!

Second Chinese Boy: Is it true that you foreigners, as I have been told, eat with knives and sharp prongs?

American Boy: Why—er—yes—knives and forks, you know. It is the custom in our country.

First Chinese Boy: Horrible! It must be like eating in the presence of sword swallowers.

Second Chinese Boy: Is it true that you eat great chunks of the flesh of bullocks and of sheep and that you have them brought to your table often in a half raw condition?

[1] Based on a quotation in *The Chinese Revolution,* Arthur J. Brown.

American Boy: (*Uneasily.*) Well—er—yes, only we call them *roasts,* you know, and we—er—sometimes like them *rare.*

Third Chinese Boy: (*Under his breath.*) Barbarous!

The Chinese bow as in the beginning, the American returns the salutation, and they leave the room in opposite directions.

As they all leave the platform, the First Chinese Boy remarks to the other two:

"These foreign devils are certainly past civilizing."

Chinese Inventions [1]

It is essential to have a map of China for this exercise, beneath which are thumb-tacks or some device for displaying the objects used; an easel may be placed on the platform with extra pegs on which objects may be hung.

First Junior: We are proud that we are Americans, but every Chinese boy may be just as proud that he is Chinese. We think we know a great deal, but many of the things we have learned to do the Chinese knew about centuries and centuries before.

Second Junior: The Chinese had gunpowder long ago in firecrackers, so we owe them the noise of the Fourth of July. (*Hangs up a firecracker.*)

Third Junior: The Chinese had silk clothes when our ancestors were using goatskins and stone axes in the forests of Britain. (*Hangs up a strip of bright silk.*)

Fourth Junior: Long before Columbus sailed the seas to find us, the Chinese knew the magnetic compass and used it to find the way across the trackless ocean. (*Hangs up a compass or a piece of paper with the points of the compass drawn upon it.*)

Fifth Junior: The art of printing is our greatest invention which we have enjoyed for more than four hundred years, but the Chinese were using movable types and printing books before the English language was in existence. (*Hangs up a Chinese newspaper.*)

Sixth Junior: When you sit in church and look up at the beautiful colored windows, just remember that China was the first country to find out how to make glass, and she could do this

[1] Based on material in *Five Missionary Minutes.*

long before Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt. (*Hangs up a piece of colored glass.*)

SEVENTH JUNIOR: We all know about our great canals and are proud that our engineers could plan such wonderful pieces of work, yet the Chinese had many canals in their country long before our forefathers in Europe knew anything about them at all. More than one hundred years before Christ was born the Chinese had built a wall of masonry so large that it contains enough material to build a wall five or six feet high around the whole earth. (*Hangs up a piece of concrete or a picture of a canal.*)

EIGHTH JUNIOR: When we sit down to our meals we may be reminded that China was the first country to make porcelain dishes and even yet can do that work better than we. They also make beautiful pottery, enamel, and glazed ware in which they excel every other country in the world. (*Hangs up a piece of china.*)

NINTH JUNIOR: Perhaps you are wondering whether there is anything which we know more about than the Chinese, or that they did not know long before we thought about it. It would seem as if they were the ones to be the teacher, but China has been unwilling up to the present time to be the teacher of other countries, or help them, or share with them her knowledge. With all her discoveries, she never discovered how to give. That is just the one important thing which we have discovered. Christianity has taught us to give the best we have and to share with others, so we have grown and improved with our inventions. China is now asking us to share our greatest discovery with her. (*Holds up Bible.*)

An Afternoon Call [1]

A demonstration arranged for five girls, four in Chinese costume and one in American dress.

SCENE: *The Home of an American missionary in China. An American girl sits near a small table sewing. Enter three girls in Chinese costume. The American girl rises, takes a few steps and bows; the Chinese girls do the same, taking hold of their left sleeves with the right hand and moving the arms up and*

[1] Based partly on *Home Life in China.* By Mary I. Bryson.

down several times in the female version of the Chinese handshake.

AMERICAN GIRL: Have you eaten your rice?

CHINESE GIRLS: (*Together.*) Thank you, we have eaten. Have you eaten also?

AMERICAN GIRL: I have eaten. Pray be seated. (*To oldest girl.*) Please sit here. (*Pointing to a chair on her left, the seat of honor.*)

FIRST CHINESE GIRL: I am unworthy.

AMERICAN GIRL: Yes, please be seated. (*The Chinese girls finally sit down.*)

FIRST CHINESE GIRL: Is there a sun and a moon in your country?

AMERICAN GIRL: The same as in yours.

FIRST CHINESE GIRL: I do not wish to doubt your honorable word, but that seems quite impossible!

SECOND CHINESE GIRL: (*Eagerly.*) Are there hills and trees in your country?

AMERICAN GIRL: Certainly.

SECOND CHINESE GIRL: Indeed!

THIRD CHINESE GIRL: Why do you not have black eyes like ours? Have they faded out?

AMERICAN GIRL: Oh, no, they have not faded; they have always been blue.

A girl dressed as a Chinese servant enters with a tray on which are four cups and saucers and a teapot. She places the tray on the table near the hostess, who pours the tea, the servant taking the cups from her and passing them to each one of the guests in turn, grasping the saucer in both hands. The guests receive the cups with both hands. The servant then retires. The guests do not drink immediately, but hold the cups as they talk. The drinking of tea is always the last part of the ceremony before the end of a call.

FIRST CHINESE GIRL: Can you see with your eyes several feet down into the earth, and know where gold and silver are lying?

AMERICAN GIRL: Oh, no, I could not possibly do that any more than you could!

THIRD CHINESE GIRL: (*Bending forward to look closely at the American girl's hair.*) Why do you wear your hair in such a strange fashion, instead of having it glued down on wire shapes?

AMERICAN GIRL: It is the custom in my country to wear it this way.

THIRD CHINESE GIRL: Queer!

FIRST CHINESE GIRL: Why do foreign ladies wear coverings over their heads when they go out of doors?

AMERICAN GIRL: Why, to protect them from the sun or to keep them warm.

FIRST CHINESE GIRL: It is just like the men!

SECOND CHINESE GIRL: (*To American girl.*) Will you drink tea with us? (*She slightly rises from her chair, bowing.*)

AMERICAN GIRL: (*Bowing in the same way.*) Thank you. (*They all drink their tea, finishing before speaking again.*)

AMERICAN GIRL: I fear my miserable tea is not good to-day.

THIRD CHINESE GIRL: Your exquisite tea is delicious.

FIRST CHINESE GIRL: (*Rising.*) We must go.

AMERICAN GIRL: Pray do not go. The sun is still high.

SECOND CHINESE GIRL: Oh, do not accompany us.

AMERICAN GIRL: Go slowly.

THIRD CHINESE GIRL: Please go back. (*They all bow and leave platform.*)

Chinese Games

CALL THE CHICKENS HOME

This is a favorite game for little children. One player is blindfolded, the remaining players are the chickens. The blindman says, "Tsoo, tsoo. Come and seek your mother!" Then the chickens run up and try to touch the one who is blindfolded, without being caught. The one caught becomes the blindman.

SKIN THE SNAKE

The boys all stand in line one behind the other. They bend forward, and each puts one hand between his own legs and thus

grasps the disengaged hand of the boy behind him. Of course the front boy and the last boy each have one free hand. They begin backing. The one in the rear lies down and they back over astride of him, each lying down as he backs over the one next behind him with the other's head between his legs, and his head between the legs of his neighbor, keeping fast hold of hands. They are thus lying in a straight line. The last one that lies down then gets up, and as he walks astride the line raises each one after him until all are up, when they let go hands and the game is finished.

Eating Fish's Tail

A number of children take hold of each other one behind the other, thus forming the fish. The front ones are the head and the last ones the tail. The head swings around and tries to catch and "eat" the tail. The tail seeks to escape. When the fish is long, it is most exciting.

Hawk Catching Young Chicks

A large boy should represent the hen. Any boy may represent the hawk. They form a line with the mother hen in front, each clutching fast hold of the next boy's clothing, with a large active boy at the end of the line. The hawk then comes to catch the chicks, but the mother hen spreads her wings and moves from side to side keeping between the hawk and the brood, while at the same time the line sways from side to side always in the opposite direction from that in which the hawk is going. Every chick caught by the hawk is taken out of the line until they are all gone.

Let Out the Doves

One of the larger girls takes hold of the hands of two of the smaller, one of whom represents a dove and the other a hawk. The hawk stands behind her and the dove in front. She throws the dove away as she might pitch a bird into the air, and as the child runs it waves its arms as though they were wings. She throws the hawk in the same way, and it follows the dove. The

owner of the dove then claps her hands as the Chinese do to bring their pet birds to them, and the dove, if not caught, returns to the cage.

Chinese Riddles

Mrs. Bryson tells us, in her *Home Life in China,* that the amusement of solving riddles is so popular in China among all classes that at the time of the "Feast of the Lanterns" you may often see a group of literary men, as well as the common people, gathered around a doorway over which hangs a lantern upon which several enigmas are written.

Prizes varying from several hundreds of cash to some trifling gift of nuts, sweetmeats, etc., are offered for the correct solution of these riddles, and crowds of people collect and engage in eager competition, rather on account of the sport afforded than for the value of the prize offered.

In the front are five openings; on the sides are two windows; behind hangs an onion stalk. What is it? *Answer:* A Chinaman's head.

It takes away the courage of a demon. Its sound is like that of thunder. It frightens men so that they drop their chop-sticks. When one turns one's head around to look at it, it is turned to smoke. What is it? *Answer:* A firecracker.

It was born in a mountain forest. It died in an earthen chamber. Its soul dispersed to the four winds. And its bones are laid out for sale. What is it? *Answer:* Charcoal.

What is the fire that has no smoke, and the water that has no fish? *Answer:* Lightning, rain.

What are the eyes of heaven, the bones of water, and the looking-glass of the sky? *Answer:* Stars, ice, a lake.

What is it that has a gaping mouth and marches on like an invading army, devouring at every step? *Answer:* Scissors.

A little house all fallen in, yet it holds five guests. What is it? *Answer:* A shoe.

INDIA, BURMA, AND SIAM

Apply to your own foreign mission board headquarters for all facts of denominational interest and concern, pictures, maps, and curios.

Helpful Books on India

Books starred (*) contain stories suitable for telling.
For detailed information consult Bibliography, pages 14-27.

* Adventures with Four-footed Folk. ("The Cobra's Den" and "A Chase for a Tiger")
* Bothersome Baby, The (Leaflet)
* Brooms You Send to India (Leaflet)
Child Garden in India, A
Children of India. See *Children's Missionary Series.*
Children at Play in Many Lands
Cobra's Den, The
* Fly Away Doctor, The (Leaflet)
* Frank Baba and the Forty Jungle Brownies
* Hero Tales (Leaflet)
* Here and There Stories ("How Rangasamy Got His Water")[1] (Leaflet)
* India Picture Stories. See *Primary Picture Stories*
* Jungle Book, The
* Lamplighters Across the Sea
* Laos Folk-lore of Farther India ("The Wizard and the Beggar" and many others)
Native Melodies: *Telugu* (Leaflet)
Peeps at Many Lands—*India*
* Round Robin Stories
Soo Thah
* Story Line to Everyland
Story of Sonny Sahib, The
Ten Minute Programs—*India*
Travelling Cloud, India, The (Leaflet)
* Wonderland of India, The

1 This story may also be found at the end of the "Leader's Handbook" for *The Wonderland of India.*

* International Graded Sunday School Lessons: Course V, Part 3, "A Cobbler and a Map of the World" and "In a Burmese Prison."

Stories suitable for telling may be found in back numbers of *Everyland* as follows:
September, 1913: "The Little Syrian Bride."
June, 1914: "An Odd Sheep."

Plays

The Lamp, "Helpers of To-day"

Costumes

There is considerable difference between the Burmese and the Hindu costumes, as noted below. Siamese boys and girls dress much the same as Burmese.

Burmese Girls: Skirts about two yards wide, of bright striped, plaid or figured material, long enough to reach to the ankles. Sew the ends together. The skirt should be drawn tightly around the body, with a fold on the left side. A twist in the waistband on this side is tucked in and holds the skirt up. The skirt must not have a full effect and the fold must lie flat. White waist; a short white jacket of thin material, with ordinary sleeves, double-breasted and fastened with loops on the left side. May be trimmed at the throat and edge of the sleeves with narrow lace. A scarf of thin silk of a dainty color thrown loosely over the shoulders, the ends hanging down in front. The hair should be piled high on the head and decorated with artificial flowers. Low slippers.

Burmese Boys: A skirt of material similar to that indicated for girls, put on in the same way, but the waistband is twisted and tucked in at the center in the front. A short jacket of white cotton material, made plainly, and buttoned down the center. Burma boys usually go bareheaded, but when they do wear anything on the head it is a piece of colored cotton material, such as cheese-cloth, tied around the head, leaving the hair showing in the middle, the ends of the headband hanging down at one side over the shoulder.

HINDU GIRLS: One piece of cotton goods, about a yard wide and ten yards long, of any color. More effective ones could be made with borders. The *sari* is wound around the waist. The first winding should be rather tight. A number of plaits are laid in the back and more in the front, and the goods should reach below the ankles, leaving sufficient material to be thrown over the left shoulder and head and to fall loosely down the right side. Any simple blouse may be worn, preferably white, as the sari practically conceals it. If desired, the plaits for the back and the front may be sewed so that they will be firm, but it is not necessary. In India nothing is used to fasten the sari; it is so skilfully put on that it holds itself. This costume is also worn by Christian girls and women.

HINDU BOYS: A turban for the head. This is a long strip of white cotton cloth or cheese-cloth (colored cloths are also used), about seven yards long and half a yard wide, wound round and round the head. The dhotee or loin-cloth, should hang down to the ankles. It consists of a strip of white cotton cloth or cheese-cloth about three yards long and one yard wide. A rather long white cotton coat completes the costume, with a strip of white, or, better, some colored cotton cloth as a shoulder scarf.

Facts for Juniors

About India

If you could take a map of India[1] and pin it over a map of North America, its northern point would be in the latitude of Richmond, Virginia, and the southern point near Panama; the eastern boundary would be at Baltimore, and the western near Salt Lake City in Utah.

The great Ganges River, the most famous in the country, is considered sacred, and many of the people of India walk hundreds of miles to bathe in its waters, thinking that their sins will by this act be forgiven and that they will be greatly blessed.

What kind of climate has India? (Draw out the ideas of the Juniors and correct them if necessary.) Of course, you all know about the forests and jungles, the wonderful flowers, and the

[1] The following maps of India are published by M. E. M.: wall map (38 x 46 inches), printed in two colors, 60 cents; outline map (28 x 32 inches), 25 cents; small outline maps (11 x 14 inches), 25 cents per set of 12.

fierce wild animals and poisonous snakes which abound in some parts of the country.

While India is less than half as large as the United States, it contains more than three times as many people. If all the boys and girls in India should stand in line, shoulder to shoulder, the line would reach around the world, 25,000 miles long. Only one child in each mile would ever have been inside a Sunday-school.

Who can name the great pioneer missionary to India? (Get the story of William Carey from the Juniors who have studied the second year graded lessons. If they do not know it, briefly outline the story for them.

If your denomination is interested in Burma, get a pupil who has studied the life of Adoniram Judson in the second year graded lessons to tell something about him. If your department is not using these lessons, give a brief outline of Judson's life yourself.)[1]

Schools in Siam[2]

Siamese children, when very young, are little troubled by either clothes or schools. They spend their time riding on buffaloes, climbing trees, smoking cigarettes, paddling canoes, eating, and sleeping. But at some time in life many boys go to school. There is no compulsion. If a boy does not want to go, he can stay away. Yet most boys, both in the remote country district and in the busy, crowded capital, have learned something. Perhaps the delights of climbing trees and smoking cigarettes pall after a time, or perhaps the boy is ambitious and wants to get on in the world. If so, he must at least learn to read, write, and "do sums." Whatever be the reason, it does happen that practically every Siamese boy goes to school. His attendance is not regular and not punctual, but in the course of a few years he manages to learn certain things that are of use to him.

Siamese schools are situated in the cool, shady grounds of the temple. They are generally plain sheds or outhouses. The teachers are usually the priests, but here and there a lay headmaster may be found. In such a case the master, like the boys, is not overburdened with clothes. A piece of cloth is draped about his legs, but the upper part of the body is generally bare. If he possesses a white linen coat, such as Europeans wear in a

[1] Based on *Child Life in Mission Lands.* By Ralph E. Diffendorfer.
[2] From *Peeps at Siam.* By Ernest Young. Permission of Macmillan Co.

hot country, he takes it off when he enters the building and hangs it up, so that it shall not get dirty while he is teaching. He generally smokes the whole time, and when he is not smoking, he is chewing betel-nut.

The children sit cross-legged on the ground, tailor-fashion. There are no chairs or desks, and if there were, the children would sit cross-legged upon them just the same. All learn to read. Now the Siamese language is what is called a tonic language: that is, the meaning of any word depends on the tone with which it is pronounced. For instance, the word *ma* can be pronounced in three ways, and has, therefore, three meanings, namely: "come," "horse" and "dog." If, therefore, you called out to a friend, "Come here!" in the wrong tones, you might insult him by saying, "Dog, here!" and so on. You might wish to say to a farmer, "Can I walk across your *field?*" If you were to pronounce the last word in the wrong tone, it might mean, "Can I walk across your *face?*" a request that might lead to trouble, especially if the farmer were a big man. Some of the syllables have as many as five tones, and the foreigner finds it exceedingly difficult to express his meaning correctly. As the correct meaning of a word depends on the particular accent with which it is uttered, all reading must be done aloud to be enjoyed.

Every scholar in the school learns his own particular page or lesson independently of the others, and the many voices blend into one, rising and falling from time to time in a not unmusical hum, sometimes loud and full, when the master is vigilant and the scholars are energetic; often soft and feeble, when the master is dreaming on the floor or lounging in the sun, and his pupils are getting weary of their monotonous task.

Slates and pencils are used for writing, though the best pupils use lead-pencils. In a village school ink is never seen.

Arithmetic up to short division is taught in some schools, but in many others no arithmetic is taught, for the simple reason that the teacher does not know any. As for bills of parcels and recurring decimals, and all the other horrible things that men do with figures, they are unknown and undreamt of.

Sometimes a little grammar is learned if the master knows anything of the subject, and all who expect to be thought wise must learn pages of the sacred books by heart, and must be able to repeat them without hesitation or error. They do not under-

stand a word of what they are saying, for the sacred books are written in a dead language that nobody speaks and few understand.

And that is all. There is no geography, history, or science. There are no workshops, laboratories, or drawing-classes.

There is no furniture of any description, no diagrams, blackboards, or desks. Sometimes a school of as many as forty pupils will have only empty Pear's soap or cocoa boxes for desks on which the children place their slate or book.

The school opens at nine. The boys arrive between ten and eleven, and the head-master puts in his appearance when he has finished his breakfast. The only part of the unwritten time-table that is punctually kept is the time for closing.

In the capital there are now a number of schools that are quite well organized and taught, and even in some of the villages things are slowly improving, for the King has been educated in England, and is progressive.

Stories and Poems

Chundra Lela[1]

To-day I want to tell you about a girl who, for many, many long years, had never heard of the "Jesus way." Yet I wonder whether any of us would be brave enough to do for Christ things as hard as those Chundra Lela did for the gods she had been taught about.

Chundra Lela's home was in India, a land where most of the people have never heard of our Heavenly Father or of Jesus. They believe that there are hundreds of different gods, and they have many sacred books full of stories of what these gods have done—very evil things sometimes, I am sorry to say. They reverence these as we do the Bible.

One day when Chundra Lela was nine years old, there was the sound of great weeping in her home. "Alas! Our Chundra Lela, a widow! Alas! Alas!" Her sisters and brothers wailed; even the servants joined them. And her father's face was white and drawn with sorrow. With sad hands they stripped off Chundra Lela's necklaces and rings and bracelets. They were very beautiful, for her father was wealthy; but now she could

1 By permission, Congregational Foreign Boards.

never again put on even a single bangle. They took off the pretty pink embroidered cloth which formed her dress, and in its place they gave her a coarse white one. Ashes were sprinkled on her head. And all the time they made these changes, the wailing went on; for these were the signs that Chundra Lela was now a widow and whoever saw them would know and would despise her.

In India it is the custom for parents to have their children married when they are very little. Lela's wedding had taken place when she was only seven. Of course she was too young to leave her home then, so it had been arranged for her to stay with her own family for a few years. Meanwhile her father, who was a great scholar, had taught her to read and study—things that most girls in India are never taught. Everything had been as happy as could be until this day when word had come that the boy to whom she was married had fallen sick and was dead. "Cursed be the wife that caused it!" the messenger had said bitterly as he left. Before his look, Chundra Lela had covered her face and cried as if her heart would burst, and the rest of the household had broken into wailing.

Yet it was not because they loved the boy and would miss him; for strange as it may seem to us, Chundra Lela was hardly acquainted with him—she had seen him but once, in fact. Instead, it was because their sacred books said very plainly—Chundra Lela had read it herself and knew—that if one's husband died, it was the sign that one had done some very, very great wrong, some terrible sin. And all the widow's life she must live without the pretty things and good times and the laughter and happiness other people might have. Chundra Lela did not know of anything very bad that she had ever done—no one else knew, either; but that did not matter. The sacred books said so, and no one dreamed of doubting them.

The books said other things, too. In the long sad months which followed, Lela read many of them with her father and thought about them a great deal. If one would travel to the four great temples of the most important gods and worship at each one; if one would make rich offerings to the priests; if one would bathe in certain rivers that were sacred; if one would pray and pray and pray, caring not for weariness or hardship or pain, then, so the books said, even a despised widow like Chundra Lela might, perhaps, be forgiven.

I want you to stop and think a minute. Have you ever done anything wrong for which you were very sorry? And, do you remember how your heart was just like a heavy lump of lead inside, and you couldn't be happy until you had been forgiven and the person you had been naughty to smiled and was friends again? Then you can understand just a little how Chundra Lela felt; only for her it was a great deal worse because she did not know at all what the wrong thing was that she had done—only that she must have done something; and no matter how hard she asked to be forgiven, no one would smile and be friendly, and the gods stayed just as angry.

So you will not wonder that after a while she decided to make the journey to the great temples that the books directed. It would be very hard, for there were no trains to travel by. Chundra Lela knew, too, that pilgrims were often taken sick and died by the roadside. "But nothing will be too hard," she thought to herself, "if only I can be forgiven and be happy." So one night, putting some money into a long bag which was fastened about her waist, she called two of the servants who had agreed to go with her, and quietly they slipped away from home.

They were seven days crossing the mountains among which she lived, and reaching the plains below. Sometimes they hired a bullock cart, but most of the way they walked, and always Chundra Lela kept counting her sacred beads and repeating passages from the sacred books. There were a great many little shrines along the wayside, and at each she stopped to worship and make offerings to the idols. She bathed in every sacred river and gave gifts to every priest. Other pilgrims bound for the same temple dropped out of the company too weary to go farther, but Chundra Lela never gave in. On and on she trudged, footsore but determined. At last, after long months, they came to the first of the four great temples. There she stayed two weeks, worshipping its hideous idol and doing all the things her books told her.

This place was in the extreme east of India—you remember how India looks on the map—and the next temple was way down at the southern tip. Through the terrible heat, along hundreds of miles of white, dusty roadway, Chundra Lela journeyed. Months had grown into years when at last she approached the second temple. Again she performed all the ceremonies and

made all the gifts which her books directed. She even bought a little image of the particular god worshipped at this place, to carry with her.

By now she was very tired. How she longed to return to her own people! And the third temple was hundreds of miles away, up on the western coast! "But all the weariness will not matter," she kept saying, "if at the end I am forgiven."

At length the third temple was reached. After painting her body with sandalwood and giving a feast to all the priests, Chundra Lela pressed on to the fourth, far to the north, among the Himalaya mountains. Pilgrims had to climb up and up through snow and ice to reach it. Chundra Lela's bare feet were soon bleeding on the sharp ice. But she bound them up with old clothes from her little bundle and pushed on. The uneven, slippery path was often dangerous, it was so steep and narrow; but nothing could stop her. It had taken seven full years to reach the mountain. How long they had been! She had travelled, mostly on foot, farther than from New York to San Francisco and back again. Think of it! And now, finally, she was reaching the fourth great temple, completing the pilgrimage which her books described. Now her gods would surely take away her sin, and she would be happy once more. With eager, expectant heart she struggled along the rough path to the sacred spot,—and waited. For five days she worshipped in the piercing cold and waited—waited. There was no sign from the gods that they were pleased with what she had done, no feeling of peace in her heart. Then, at last, she knew that all the long journey, all the pain had not been enough! Bitterly disappointed, she went down from the mountain.

It was many long years later, when she was much older and had begun to doubt whether the gods she had worshipped so faithfully cared about her at all, that she visited one day in a home where a missionary was teaching a girl to read. Chundra Lela picked up the Bible they were using. She had never before seen the sacred book of the Christians. So they told her about Jesus and our Heavenly Father who requires no long pilgrimages, who forgives just as soon as we are really sorry we have done wrong and who only asks that we shall truly love Him and live honest, loving lives toward other people. To weary, heavy-hearted Chundra Lela it sounded like a fairy tale. Yet after a time she knew in her heart it was true.

She became a Christian then, a radiantly happy one, though it meant that people who had honored her because of her devotion to the gods now hated her. But she did not stop with her own happiness. Back she went to the great highways where millions of other men and women were still making the same weary, useless pilgrimage that she had made. "Listen!" she would say earnestly, "the gods you worship will not help you. But Jesus will." And then she would tell about Him. Over and over again she told the story, and many believed her and went away happy.

Because there are so many people in India, though, Chundra Lela could not tell them all. To-day, this very minute, there are still thousands making their offerings to gods who cannot hear and they are waiting for people who know to tell them about Jesus.

The Little Brown Girl and I [1]

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS

Away on the other side of the world
  Lives a little brown girl, I know,
Away off there in a distant land
  Where they never have frost or snow;
I have a home that is bright and glad,
  She wanders where shadows lie,
Yet the same dear Father has made us both—
  The little brown girl and I.

The little brown girl has never heard
  Of a love that is over all,
Of a Father who cares with an equal care
  For all who will heed his call;
Perhaps she is waiting for *me* to send
  The news of a God on high,
That together we two may lift our prayers—
  The little brown girl and I.

[1] By permission, *King's Builders.*

JAPAN

For latest facts of all missionary work, see the *Japan Mission Year Book.* Consult your denominational headquarters for pictures, curios, maps, and other material. See also Program on Japan, page 5.

Helpful Books on Japan

Books starred (*) *contain stories suitable for telling.*
For detailed information consult Bibliography, pages 14-27.

* All About Japan. ("The Coming of the Missionaries")
Black Bearded Barbarian, The
* Bothersome Baby, The (Leaflet)
Child Life in Japan
Children of Japan, The. See *Children's Missionary Series.*
Children at Play in Many Lands
* Fairy Tales from Far Japan. ("Momotaro, or the Peach Boy")
* Friends in Other Lands (Leaflet)
* Hero Tales (Leaflet)
Japan Mission Year Book. See *Christian Movement in the Japanese Empire.*
* Lamplighters Across the Sea
* Little Folks of Many Lands ("Matsu, the Japanese Girl")
Native Melodies—*Japan* (Leaflet)
Our Little Japanese Cousin. See *Little Cousin Series.*
Peeps at History—*Japan*
Peeps at Japan (Leaflet)
* Peeps at Many Lands—*Japan.* ("A Farthing's Worth of Fun")
Programs for Heralds. *Two Days in Japan.* (See *Plays and Programs.*)
* Round Robin Stories
* Story Line to Every Land, The
Ten Minute Programs—*Japan*
* T'other and Which
Umé San in Japan
When I Was a Boy in Japan

* International Graded Sunday School Lessons. Course II, Part 3, "The Children of Cherry-Blossom Land"; Course V, Part I, "A Maker of New Japan"; Course VII, Part 3, "The Power of the Word of God."
* *Everyland.* Japanese number. July, 1918.

Plays

Alice Through the Postal Card
A Day in Japan. See *Programs for Heralds.*

Costumes

Make the kimonos for children under ten years old of bright, flowered material. Those over ten should have gray, brown, or any dark-colored cloth. The general shape may be taken from a large kimono. The girls have the long flowing sleeves and wide sash or obi which goes around the waist and is tied behind. The boys have tight sleeves and no sash, but a narrow band of the same material fastens in front.

Girls over fifteen should wear the modern schoolgirl's dress of Japan. It consists of the kimono, which must be of some dark material, and a full plaited skirt, red in color. The skirt has openings on the two sides, and is fastened on over the kimono by tapes made of the same material, two tying in front and two at the back.

The straw sandals may be bought at a Japanese store. The tabi is a stocking, usually made of white cotton cloth, with a separate place for the great toe. In order properly to wear Japanese sandals, stockings of this kind should be used.

Facts for Juniors

About Japan

There should be a map of Asia, large enough to be seen clearly by all the pupils, to which the leader may refer.

What is the name of this chain of islands east of Asia? The name, Japan, came originally from a Chinese word which meant

"Sunrise Land," because the Chinese knew these islands lay to the east and it seemed to them the land out of which the sun came.

Japan proper is made up of four large islands and hundreds of small ones, all of which together are only one fortieth as large as the United States. Still, these islands, which are so much smaller in extent than our country, are very densely populated, so that there are half as many people in them as there are in the whole of our country.

Japan has a varied climate, just the same as we have. They have cold winters in the north with deep snows sometimes, and in the south, a much milder climate. Japan is a beautiful country of gardens and flowers, of tiny lakes, and beautiful volcanic mountains.

On account of the many volcanoes, Japan is called the land of earthquakes. In Tokyo it is said that the people get a good shaking at least once a day.

To avoid having their houses thrown down by the earthquakes, as they would be if they were built of heavy materials, the Japanese make their houses of paper on wooden frames. They protect them by night with wooden shutters, which may be removed in the daytime, and divide them into rooms as they please by means of sliding partitions of paper screens. Spotless matting and soft white rugs cover the floor, and in order to keep them clean the Japanese never wear their shoes in the house, but leave their straw sandals or wooden clogs at the door. These dainty, clean little houses are not very comfortable in winter, however, for they are not heated at all, and the only way the people keep warm is by putting on more clothing and hovering over tiny box-like metal stoves which contain a little burning charcoal.

Japan might be called the land of paper as well as the land of earthquakes, for the people are very clever in making many different kinds of paper for many different uses. They not only build paper houses, but they use paper napkins and handkerchiefs, paper umbrellas and lanterns, and the children play with paper toys.

You all know how the Japanese dress and how they look, for you have seen so many pictures of them.

There are now many thousands of Christians in Japan, but there are also many, many thousands more who worship idols, offer food to the spirits of the dead, and do not know our God

at all. They worship a mountain god, a horse god, a tree god, the fox god, and gods who are supposed to cure those who are sick. A mother who is not a Christian will take her sick child to the temple and rub her hand on the head of the old wooden idol, and then on the head of her child, thinking that the god will thus heal him. But Christian day-schools and Sunday-schools in Japan are doing much to help the boys and girls there grow up to be Christian men and women. Japan, too, is beginning to send out missionaries, not only through her own land, but to other lands as well.

Stories and Poems

O Ai San's Christmas [1]

EMMA E. DICKINSON

"O Ai San! O Ai San!"

The little girl looked up and saw the smiling face of her father and the smiling face of a lady in foreign dress who was looking back from the crowd of passengers toiling over the high bridge that hung above the railroad track. O Ai San carried on her arm a beautiful bag made of red and blue and purple and green thread. She had been to see her soldier brother in the hospital, and he had given her the beautiful bag made with a crochet hook by his own fingers in the long hours of pain and loneliness. It was not so exciting to make bags for dear little sisters as it was to fight at Port Arthur, but it was less dangerous, and the soldier brother had been happy in making the bag. O Ai San was happy in receiving it, too. She thought she had never seen anything so beautiful as the way the bright red and the royal purple came together on the front. What an exciting day it had been! And now more excitement, for the foreign lady had dropped something right into the new bag as she passed up the steps of the bridge. O Ai San could not see what it was, but it looked like a lovely little picture, and she hastened to put her little hands in proper position and to make a delightful bow to the departing foreign lady.

What was it in O Ai San's bag? Why, just the cunningest

[1] By permission, Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Methodist Episcopal Church.

little package of cards you ever saw, with a tiny but altogether lovely picture of an old-time soldier on the outside! O Ai San thought she had never seen anything so beautiful in her life, and when she got home and found that there were thirty-six cards inside the package, and that, put together in the right way, they made a big, big picture exactly like the tiny one, she was almost too happy to hold her chop-sticks and eat her rice! How good the foreign lady was!

Always and always O Ai San kept the precious package of cards in the red and purple bag, and only on rare occasions did she venture to bring it out to show to her friends. It was her very dearest plaything.

Christmas day came, and the children of O Ai San's Sunday-school were in a state of wild happiness. They were to have exercises, and O Ai San was to recite a piece. She took her bag on her arm, and, seeing that it was so great an occasion, she made sure that the precious cards were in it. She *might* want to show them to somebody!

Everything passed off beautifully. And now came the most enjoyable part of the whole Christmas,—the giving of the gifts. The children who had been most faithful in attendance and the best in behavior were to have first-class presents; the next best children were to have second-class presents; and the children with the poorest marks were to have the third-class presents. O Ai San had one of the first-class presents—a fine hair ornament in the shape of a bright red plum blossom and two green leaves. Just as she was admiring her gift, the children began to march out, and Christmas was over!

No, not over, for at the door was a group of miserable-looking children. They stood gazing with longing eyes at the crowd that came out of the church doors. They hadn't even third-class presents—no share at all in these good times. There was one girl, especially, with a baby sister on her back, her poor empty hands held down in front of her, her untidy hair streaming down in front of her face, for whom O Ai San was sorry. O Ai San wished she had something to give her; some old toy at home would have done nicely. Nothing? Had she nothing? She looked in her bag; there was only the precious package of cards. A little shiver seemed to creep along over the surface of what O Ai San called her heart. The poor girl looked for an instant at the beautiful kimono with its handsome chrysanthemum pat-

tern, that O Ai San wore, then, hitching the heavy baby a little higher on her back, turned away.

"You! You!" called out a voice after the poor girl, and there was O Ai San running after her and holding out a lovely little package with a soldier on the front. "I give it to you," said O Ai San.

"I take it," said the girl, returning O Ai San's bow, and there was a little pain, but a great joy in spite of it, at the heart of O Ai San.

That very night after O Ai San had parted with the little package of cards, her mother brought a big box to her little girl, saying, "Just see what the foreign lady in the house next to the church has sent you!"—and there was a perfectly lovely dolly all dressed in foreign clothes, with a real jacket, and a real hat on her head!

The poor girl often came to the door of the church where she had received such a beautiful gift, and finally became a member of the Sunday-school. And then O Ai San was very glad she had given her the gift.

A Little Japanese Nurse-Girl's Story [1]

When I was a little girl, I used to see the big girls and the mothers near by carrying babies on their backs, and I thought it would be nice to do it, too; so I carried my doll to my mother one day and she tied it on my back for me, and I went out in the garden and jounced it up and down, singing a lullaby:

Bye-low, baby, if you'll go to sleep,
I'll take you back to mother to keep.
But if you won't, then a great big frog
Will come and swallow you up kerchog!

I should think that would scare a doll to sleep, wouldn't you? It worked very well, even when the doll got too small and I had a cushion rolled up in the shape of a baby and put that on my back instead. And after I got used to that, I had my own real baby brother to tend. He was such a big, fat baby that he was pretty heavy, and besides, he was always wanting something more to eat. So one of the girls taught me this song to sing about him:

[1] By permission.

"Little nurse-girl, tell me true,
What makes the baby cry so?"
"He wants another breakfast, sir,
The first one was so nice, O!"

Sometimes people say that babies in Japan don't cry, but you see that isn't always true. And sometimes I would get so very tired taking care of him. In the summer he would be tied on my back just with strings, but in the winter my mother would put a cloak right over both of us after she had tied him on, and then tie another string around the cloak. That kept us nice and warm while we played outdoors. I'm so used to it now that I can play hop-scotch or blind man's buff just the same if the baby is on my back.

Yesterday I saw a mother on the street with her baby, not on her back, but in a baby carriage. And O Hana San, who was with me, said that is a better way to take babies around, because carrying them on your back makes them bow-legged. I don't know whether that's true, but I shouldn't wonder; and anyway, it's much easier with a carriage when the baby's as big as my little brother is!

But if I were pushing a carriage I couldn't do my knitting so well, and it is such fun to knit! Don't you think so? I've made him a cap and a bib, and now I'm knitting a shawl. I'd like to show it to you. But listen! There's the baby crying now. He's just waked from his nap and I must go. *Sayonara!*

Neesima: The Ambitious Japanese [1]

It was midnight in the city of Hakodate, Japan. Two men were walking noiselessly down a side street toward the harbor. One of the men was dressed as a Samurai and wore two swords. The other was dressed as a servant and followed at a short distance behind with a bundle on his back.

When they reached the wharf, the servant sprang forward to untie a rowboat fastened there. At that moment footsteps were heard in the distance. Instantly the servant dropped into the little boat full length among the bundles in the bottom. He was none too soon. "Who is here?" called a watchman on the wharf. "It is I," calmly replied the man. "I have business

1 From *Old Country Hero Stories.*

with the American vessel yonder which cannot wait until morning." "All is well," replied the watchman as he passed on, for well he knew the man to be a trusted clerk of an English merchant in the city.

Noiselessly the little boat pushed away from the shore. Thousands of lights gleamed in the city, for the people were celebrating a festival to one of their gods. The men kept their eyes on the starboard light of a vessel riding far out in the bay. As they neared its side, they could outline its flag—the Stars and Stripes, floating in the breeze. The captain was watching for them and soon the two men with the bundles from the little boat were on board the ship *Berlin,* which was to sail the next morning for Shanghai, China. But both men were not to sail. The Samurai exchanged a few words with the captain in English and then he turned and clasped the hand of his servant who was in truth his friend, for these two men were dressed in disguise. The servant was young Neesima, who had come to the port city of Hakodate a few months before in the hope of learning English.

In the ancient city of Yeddo the Neesima family belonged to the household of a prince, and young Neesima himself had been employed both as a scribe and a teacher in the palace of the prince. But one day a friend gave him a history of the United States in his own language. Neesima learned for the first time in his life of a country where the people themselves chose a president to govern them; where there were public schools and great machines to do work instead of the people.

He was eager to learn more of this wonderful country. He said to himself: "I must learn English, then I can read American books and get American knowledge." But he searched in vain for some one to teach him English.

Shortly after this he found a book in the library of a friend which was more wonderful to him than the history of the United States. He read this new book in the dead of the night, for in those days, if the government knew that he read the book, he and all his family would have been killed. Neesima opened the book; the first words which he read were these: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." He laid the book down and looked around. "Who made me? My parents? No! God. Who made this table? A carpenter? No! God. God let trees grow upon the earth, and although the carpenter indeed

made the table, it came from the trees. Then I must be thankful to God. I must believe him and I must be upright against him." He learned that the book was a portion of the Bible. It was then that he determined to go to Hakodate to find a teacher from whom he could learn to read the English Bible. But when he asked permission from his father to go, he got a thrashing for an answer. His parents and the prince were alarmed at his strange desire for foreign knowledge.

One day an unexpected thing happened. An officer higher in authority than the prince requested that Neesima should be sent on his boat to Hakodate. The boy was delighted. At last he could learn English. But when he reached Hakodate, he was again disappointed. There was no one in that city who could teach him English. But he found instead of a teacher, a friend, a young man like himself who was eager to learn and had the advantage that he could speak a little English. "You must go to America," said Munokito, his new friend, "to study English." "But how can I go?" said Neesima, much troubled, "for the government has a penalty of death for any person found trying to leave his native land." "We shall see, we shall see," said Munokito.

One day, soon after this, an American vessel came in the harbor. "This is your chance," said Munokito that evening. "I asked the captain to-day if he would take you on his ship and he said he would, and that he would let you work to pay your passage." "How can I reach the ship and not be caught?" eagerly asked Neesima. "I will get you there safely," was the reply. "You come to the store at twelve o'clock to-night, dressed as a servant, and we will get away unseen." And so it came about that the two men dressed as master and servant were now saying their last good-by on board the brig *Berlin*.

Neesima watched his friend enter the little boat and row away, this time alone, toward the shore. The captain, motioning Neesima to follow, showed him a storeroom where he should hide until the ship was safely out of the harbor. The captain locked the door.

Early the next morning, Neesima was awakened by footsteps overhead and the sound of voices in the cabin. They were the custom officers searching the ship to make sure that there were no runaway Japanese on board. The boy trembled. Suppose they should find him! He could not help thinking of his parents

and what a disgrace it would be to them if he should be found and taken back to die. Then he thought of the letter he had written them and he wondered how they would feel when they read it. He almost wished for their sakes that he had not left home, but it was too late to change his mind now.

Presently the talking ceased, and the ship began to move. It seemed to the boy all alone that he remembered everything he had ever done in his life, and then he began to wonder where he was going. Maybe after all in America they would not want boys like himself, or, worse than that, perhaps when he reached there he could not earn his way to go to school. Maybe he would fail in his great aim! At last he said: "If I fail, it may be no loss to my country, but if I go back some day from unknown lands, I may render some service to my country."

About noon the captain unlocked the door and called him on deck. There he saw fading in the distance the beautiful blue mountains of his homeland. Little did he know that it would be nearly ten years before he would see his native land again.

His journey to America was long and full of hardship. At Shanghai, China, Captain Savory of the *Berlin* secured Neesima's transfer to the *Wild Rover,* a ship going to Boston. After he reached Boston, the tide turned in his favor. The owner of the vessel, the Honorable Alpheus Hardy, learned of the boy and took him to his own home as a member of his family. He sent him to an academy, then to college, and later to a seminary to become a minister. At last, Neesima returned to Japan. He was welcomed by his family and his nation, and became one of Japan's most honored leaders and the founder of her greatest Christian university, the Doshisha. Neesima reached his great aim.

Kite-Flying in Japan [1]

If there was a proud boy in all Japan that afternoon it was Taro. He was about to fly his first big fighting kite. It was made of tough, strong paper, stretched on a bamboo frame five feet square, a kite taller than his own father. The day before Taro had pounded a piece of glass up fine and mixed it with glue. The mixture had been rubbed on the string of his kite about thirty feet near the kite end and left to dry. Now, if he

[1] From *Peeps at Japan.* John Finnemore. By permission of the Macmillan Co.

could only get this string to cut sharply across the string of another kite, the latter cord would be severed, and he could proudly claim the vanquished kite as his own.

Kites of every color and shape hovered in the air above the wide open space. There were square kites of red, yellow, green, blue,—every color of the rainbow; and many were decorated with gayly-painted figures of gods, heroes, warriors, and dragons. There were kites in the shape of fish, hawks, eagles, and butterflies. Some had hummers, made of whalebone, which hummed musically in the wind as they rose; and as for fighting kites, they were abroad in squads and battalions. In one place the fight was between single kites; in another a score of men with blue kites met a score with red kites and the kites fluttered, darted, swooped, dived this way, that way, and every way, as they were skilfully moved by the strings pulled from below. Now and again one of them was seen to fall helplessly away and drift down the wind; its string had been cut by some victorious rival, and it had been put out of the battle.

Taro had his kite high up in the air very soon. It flew splendidly, and for some time he was very busy in trying it and learning its ways, for every kite has its own tricks of moving in the air. Then suddenly he saw a great brown eagle sailing toward it. He looked up and saw that a boy named Kanaya was directing the eagle toward his own, and that it was a challenge to a fight. Taro accepted at once, and the combat was joined.

Kanaya brought his eagle swiftly over Taro's big square kite, brightly painted in bars of many colors, but Taro let out string and escaped. Then he swung his kite up into the wind and made it swoop on the eagle. But Kanaya was already winding his string swiftly in and had raised his kite out of reach of the swoop. And so they went on for more than an hour, pursuing, escaping, feinting, dodging, until at last the eagle caught a favorable slant of wind and darted down so swiftly that Taro could not escape. The strings crossed, and the upper began to chafe the lower savagely.

Taro tried to work his kite away, but in vain. The eagle string was strong and sharp. At the next moment Taro felt a horrid slackness of his string. No more could he feel the strong, splendid pull of his big kite. There it was, going, falling headlong to the ground. Kanaya had won. Nothing now remained

to Taro but to take his beating like a Japanese and a gentleman. With a cheerful smile he made three low bows to his conqueror. Kanaya, with the utmost gravity, returned the bows before he ran away to secure the kite he had won.

Now, there had been a very interested and attentive observer of this battle in Ito, Taro's younger brother. Ito never said a word or moved a muscle of his little brown face when he saw his brother defeated and the big kite seized in triumph by Kanaya. But his black eyes gleamed a little more brightly in their narrow slits as he let out more string and waited for Kanaya to begin to fly again.

Ito had succeeded to the possession of Taro's old kite. It was less than two feet square, but it flew well, and Ito had also fixed or treated his string with the mixture of pounded glass and glue, and was ready for combat. Within ten minutes Kanaya was flying once more, and now he had Taro's kite high in the air. He had put away his own big brown eagle, and was flying the kite he had just won. He had scarcely got it well up when a smaller square kite came darting down upon it from a great height. Ito had entered the lists, and a fresh battle began.

It was even longer and more stubborn than the first, for Ito's kite, being much smaller, had much less power in the air; but Ito made up for this by showing the greatest skill in the handling of his kite, and quite a crowd gathered to see the struggle, watching every moment in perfect silence and with the deepest gravity. Suddenly Ito pounced. He caught a favorable gust of wind, and swung his line across Kanaya's with the greatest dexterity. Saw-saw went the line, and at the next moment the great kite went tumbling down the wind, and Kanaya and Ito exchanged the regulation bows. Then the latter looked at his brother without a word, and Taro ran to seize his beloved kite again.

"It is yours now, Ito," said the elder brother, when he came back.

"Oh, no," said Ito; "we will each keep our own. I am glad I got it back from Kanaya."

Chiyo's Christmas[1]

CLARA W. CHIGI

Little Chiyo opened her narrow black eyes on Christmas morning and looked about her. She did not find any stocking awaiting her busy little fingers, but then she didn't expect to see one! Indeed, I am sure she would have been frightened if she had seen one hanging by her bed. For you must remember they do not wear stockings in Japan—no, or even shoes or slippers!

Chiyo lay still thinking a few moments, and then she exclaimed, "Oya, Wasuremashita!" by which she meant to say, "O, I forgot!" In spite of its being such a long word it did not take her any longer to say than it would take you to say "Jack Robinson."

Chiyo jumped up and began to hurry into her clothes, which did not take very long, as she had no buttons, or strings, or hooks to fasten. All she had to do was to slip into two or three long robes, which she fastened round the waist by a wide girdle. Chiyo was only eight years old, yet she could tie the big bow of her sash almost as nicely as her sister Sada, who was a great deal older. Then she put on her stockings—no, that could not be, for I said just now they did not wear stockings in Japan. Well, they were something meant for stockings, only they reached to the ankle and were divided like a mitten, with a place for the big toe all by itself.

Chiyo put on her tabi (that is the Japanese name for stocking) and went to wash her face; then she was ready for breakfast—no, she wasn't quite, either, for little Chiyo kneeled down on the mats and, folding her plump brown hands, said a little prayer; for Chiyo, unlike most of her little playmates, had come to know and to love the good Lord Jesus, or "Iyesu Sama," as she called him.

I suppose you think she forgot to comb her hair. Oh, no! that was done the day before, and so quietly had she lain on her hard round pillow that hardly a hair of those black, well-oiled locks was disarranged. Chiyo went to the family sitting-room, where she bowed very low to her mother, who was sitting on the floor in front of a little firebox smoking a little pipe. The rosy-cheeked maid then brought her a little tray upon which was a

[1] By permission of the *Sunday School Advocate.*

very appetizing bowl of rice and a little dried fish, with a tiny saucer of pickled turnip leaves beside it. With the aid of her slender ivory chop-sticks Chiyo soon caused these delicacies to disappear, and after about a thimbleful of tea she ran away to be dressed in her finery.

"To-day is Christmas, mama," she said, of course in Japanese, which sounded like this: "Oka Sama, kiyo wa matsuribi des yo."

Her mother said, "And so it is," and added that if Chiyo intended to go to the Christmas tree at the mission, she had better be getting ready. The tree was to be in the afternoon, quite early, and so Chiyo had to hurry to get ready. First she had to take a hot bath, so hot that she looked like a boiled lobster when she came out about an hour afterward. Then she was nicely powdered on her face and neck and her lips gilded. Then she slipped into her best robes and sash, which were very beautiful. Toyo, the good-natured maid, tied the sash, which was a lovely sky-blue brocade studded with golden flowers, into such a big, stiff, stylish bow that it came up nearly to her shoulders. Two or three silver and gold ornaments were placed in her butterfly topknot, and she was ready to go. At the door she slipped on a pair of shining black clogs, and, followed by Toyo, clattered away out of the gate into the busy streets.

At the mission school some kind ladies with wonderful soft brown and yellow hair and blue eyes were ready to welcome their little friend. "Merry Christmas, O Chiyo San," said one, and Chiyo dropped on her knees in the hall and made a very low bow—indeed, so low that her biggest hairpin touched the floor.

Chiyo soon joined some little friends and went with them into the parlor, where they looked at the pretty pictures on the walls and the photographs in the album, and sat in chairs wondering how little girls in America could manage to sit on chairs instead of on the floor.

By and by the children were called out to the dining-room, where they had some nice cakes and bread and butter and tea. Then they were led into the schoolroom to see the wonderful tree. It was not lighted up, for it was daytime, but its branches were loaded with pretty things which had been sent to the mission by a Sunday-school in America. Some of the dolls had been dressed by loving little friends of the girls, while the boys had carved, rigged, and painted famous ships for their little

Japanese cousins. There were things, too, which could not be made very well by little fingers, and so the money banks had been opened and the hoarded pennies taken out to buy books and toys for the children who had just learned about Christmas and the Baby who was born to save them.

You should have seen their black eyes dance as toys, cakes, mittens, books, and tippets were carefully stowed away in their wide-flowing sleeves. After the toys had been divided, the children heard the sweet story of the Babe of Bethlehem (some, for the first time), and after a beautiful Christmas carol, they all made their bows to the kind ladies and separated. One little tot in a yellow silk robe which reached to his feet, and whose big sleeves were bulging out with some of the wonderful fruit of the Christmas tree, toddled up to one of the kind teachers and said, anxiously:

"Oh, teacher, do tell me when Christmas will come again! I hope it will be very soon."

The Children of Sunrise Kingdom

ANITA B. FERRIS

They never heard of Christmas Eve
Or of Easter morning, I believe,
  The little children of Sunrise Kingdom.
They are afraid, when the lights are out,
That evil spirits will prowl about.
  Poor little children of Sunrise Kingdom!
They do not know that the Father above
Guards all his children with tender love,—
  Even the children of Sunrise Kingdom.
For darkness to Him is the same as light;
He keeps them always within His sight.
  I wish they knew in Sunrise Kingdom!

A Japanese Lullaby [1]

Go to sleep, my baby! Where has nursie gone?
Over that high mountain to her village home.
What will she bring to baby from the village shops?
Rattles, drums, and flutes; and little Daruma San,

[1] By permission, Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.

The doll that won't lie down, and paper doggies, too.
Baby is my good boy, lullaby!
Lullaby!
Baby is my good boy, lullaby!

The Little Children in Japan

The little children in Japan
  Are fearfully polite;
They always thank their bread and milk
  Before they take a bite,
    And say, "You make us most content,
    O honorable nourishment."

The little children in Japan
  Wear mittens on their feet;
They have no proper hats to go
  A-walking on the street;
    And wooden stilts for overshoes
    They don't object at all to use.

The little children in Japan
  With toys of paper play,
And carry paper parasols
  To keep the rain away;
    And, when you go to see, you'll find
    It's paper walls they live behind.

Just Suppose

LUCY JAMESON SCOTT

Suppose you were a little girl,
  And your home was in Japan;
Suppose the third of March had come,
  And your name was Umé San.
Why, then would come the Feast of Dolls,
  And oh, how glad you'd be!
For on that day the dolls come out
  Their girl-mamas to see.

The honorable father's hand
  Unlocks the storehouse door,
And from it brings a hundred dolls,
  —Perhaps there may be more—
Then in the best room of the house
  On shelves of lovely red,
They're placed in order—one by one—
  I'd like to see the spread!

Musicians with their instruments,
  And servants in a row,
And men to pull jinrickishas
  When dolls ride out, you know,
And then there are the dearest things
  To cook and serve and eat;
Such cunning little bowls and cups
  All filled with something sweet.

Some of these dolls are very old,
  A hundred years at least;
The great-great-grandmothers once played
  With them at their Doll Feast.
There's a mikado and his wife,
  In splendid royal dress,
And there are nobles and their wives,
  A score or more, I guess.

And if you will believe it,
  The little girls themselves
Cook cakes and things to feed the dolls
  That sit upon the shelves!
Well! Three days they are so happy,
  Doing just as they please,
Thinking of it I almost wish
  I were a Japanese.

But then—just hear what happens!
  It doesn't seem quite right;—
Back to the storehouse go the dolls
  And there they're locked in tight!

And there they stay all in the dark
Until another spring.
Now just suppose they were your dolls—
Wouldn't you cry like everything?

What Would You Do?[1]

Now, if you should visit a Japanese home,
Where there isn't a sofa or chair,
And the hostess should say, "Take a seat, sir, I pray,"
Now, where would you sit? Tell me, where?
And should they persuade you to stay there and dine,
Where knives, forks, and spoons are unknown,
Do you think you could eat with chop-sticks of wood?
And how might you pick up a bone?
And then, should they take you a Japanese drive
In a neat little "rickshaw" of blue,
And you found, in Japan, that your horse was a man,
Now what do you think you would do?

Exercises

Little Visitors from Japan

ANITA B. FERRIS

An exercise for four little girls in Japanese costume. Children with Dutch-cut hair should be selected if possible.

The number taking part in the exercises may be increased to eight, and the children arranged so that every other one recites.

A gay little march is played as the children come on the platform leaning forward and shuffling along on their toes, which are slightly turned in. They carry their fans open against the breast.

After circling the platform once, they stop in a line facing the audience. The music ceases.

At the first word, "were," they all bow. At "some funny little" they all take one step forward. At "sunny little" they take another step forward. At the word "Japanese" they bow again, this time extending the arms, the fan in the right hand.

[1] By permission of the *Independent*.

ALL THE CHILDREN:

We're some funny little, sunny little Japanese,
From a land 'way over the seas.

FIRST GIRL: (*Extending arms. Others copy exactly.*)

See our gay kimono dress;
That it's pretty you'll confess!

SECOND GIRL: (*Putting out foot and pointing to it; others follow suit.*)

The tabi on our feet we wear—
Little socks of softness rare.
Still as any little mouse
We can creep about the house!

(*At "still" the second little girl leaves her place and, while she recites the lines in a hushed voice, circles the two little girls on her left, returning to her place with the last word. If there are more than four children in the line, she will have to move more quickly.*)

THIRD GIRL: (*Turning her back to audience and pointing to bow; the others following her example.*)

On our backs the obi bow,
Which our mothers tie just so.

FOURTH GIRL: (*Extending right arm at full length with fan outspread in hand. Turn fan first to right, and back and forth with the accent of the lines. Others follow example exactly.*)

This is the way we use the fan,
In our far-away Japan.

ALL THE CHILDREN: (*Acting as in the first instance, only this time the steps are taken backward.*)

We're some funny little, sunny little Japanese,
From a land 'way over the seas.
Now we'll say good-by to you
Just the way the Japanese do.

They all kneel on the stage and sit back on their heels; place hands together, palm to palm, and bow over, spreading out their hands on floor, the elbows pointing outward, and touch foreheads to backs of hands. They draw back to sitting position and repeat the bow three times in unison.

The march begins again, and in leaving the stage, the children circle it as on entrance.

Japanese Games [1]

Bounce the Ball

The ball is dashed upon the ground with considerable force, the object of the player being to turn around and face about again exactly in time to slap the ball back on each rebound for five times in succession.

Otadama

Make a number of small bags about two inches square and fill them with rice. The game is to toss these in the air, keeping three, four, or five going at the same time.

Hana, Hana, Hana, Kuchi

The players sit in a circle, while the leader, tapping her nose (all the others imitate), says, "hana, hana, hana, *kuchi,*" which means, "nose, nose, nose, *mouth*"; meanwhile she taps some other feature, as for instance her ear. The game is to do what the leader says, not what she does, which is very difficult when she is quick. Whenever any one makes a mistake she must take the leader's place or submit to being daubed on the cheek with flour and water.

Small children in playing the game need use only the English words. But for children old enough to use the Japanese words, they are as follows: *hana* (nose), *kuchi* (mouth), *mimi* (ear), *me* (eye).

[1] *Children at Play in Many Lands.*

MOHAMMEDAN LANDS

For statistics of all denominational work, lists of denominational missionaries, missionary problems and reports of all kinds of work, and for the latest facts in the history of the year in Mohammedan lands, apply to your denominational headquarters.

Helpful Books on Mohammedan Lands

Books starred (*) *contain stories suitable for telling.*
For detailed information consult Bibliography, pages 14-27.

Children at Play in Many Lands
Children of Arabia. See *Children's Missionary Series*
Children of Persia. See *Children's Missionary Series*
* Each and All. ("What Was Gemila Doing")
* Fez and Turban Tales
* Hero Tales—*Turkey* (Leaflet)
* Lamplighters Across the Sea
* Little Folks of Many Lands ("Ahmed")
Native Melodies—*Armenian*
* Near East Picture Stories. See *Primary Picture Stories*
* Round Robin Stories
* Seven Little Sisters. ("Gemila, the Child of the Desert")
Shepard of Aintab
* Story Line to Everyland
Ten Minute Programs—*Turkey*
Topsy Turvy Land
* Under Many Flags. ("A Baker by Necessity")
Wide World, The
Zigzag Journeys in the Camel Country

Stories suitable for telling may be found in back numbers of *Everyland* as follows:
June, 1914: "The Lost Bee and the Patient Donkey."
June, 1915: "Sinbad the Sailor and Noah's Ark."
September, 1915: "An Adventure in the Desert"; "Nouritza's Rug."
And in *Asia* (magazine), March, 1921: "The Lady of the Stars."

Costumes

PERSIAN GIRLS: A loose jacket, buttoning in front and having long sleeves, of any inexpensive though rather rich-looking material. A full divided skirt of any colored material. It is fastened around the waist with a draw-string. The girls wear round black caps with embroidery on them.

PERSIAN BOYS: A cloth coat—somewhat like our military coat—reaching down to the knees; under the coat there is a bright-colored vest, buttoning in the middle, and then the long, rather tight trousers. The boys always wear the lambskin or astrakan caps. It is effective to have the coat and trousers black and the vest red.

TURKISH GIRLS AND BOYS: It is extremely difficult to make simple and inexpensive copies of the Turkish costumes, for they are usually of velvet or satin and very beautifully and elaborately embroidered, often with gold thread.

Sateen would perhaps be the best material to use, and trimming could be sewed on without much expense, or the goods could be effectively embroidered. Purple, green, and red are characteristic colors for the costumes.

The costumes of the boys and girls are much the same—very full loose trousers reaching to the ankle where they are rather narrow, and a short jacket, open in front. The boys have a vest also. They also wear the close-fitting red cloth cap with black tassel, known as a fez.

Stories

A Turkish Debt[1]

A True Story

L. C. M.

Alexander Greatorex had been kind to Mehemet Ali, his Turkish neighbor. Greatorex was a canny Scotchman who had been for some years a large and successful wool merchant in Constantinople.

[1] By courtesy of *The Youth's Companion* and Ginn and Company.

Mehemet Ali was in the same kind of business, and when the Scotchman first came to establish himself in the Turkish capital, this Turkish neighbor had been friendly and helpful. As the years went on, however, Greatorex had increased his business and Ali had decreased.

From time to time the Scot had aided the Turk in some business emergency, or had postponed his claim for some small debt, until at last the sum owed him by Ali amounted to five hundred dollars—a sum so small to the prosperous merchant that it troubled him not at all; but so large to the Turkish debtor that to meet this obligation became the settled purpose and ambition of his life.

Whenever the two men met in the pleasant streets of Constantinople, the Turk would salute his creditor with a profound salaam, that graceful Turkish gesture which is supposed to mean, "I lay my mouth in the dust at your feet,"—and then he would say: "I have not forgotten,—I do not forget,—my debt is of five hundred dollars!"

One day as Greatorex walked along the familiar street, a stranger salaamed before him and then said: "I am the eldest son of Mehemet Ali. He is dead, and his debts are mine. I owe to your honor five hundred dollars."

But it seemed that business prospered with the son no better than with his father, for years went on and the debt was not paid. Yet still, whenever the two men met, the Turk bent before the Christian and acknowledged his obligation.

At length one day another turbaned head bowed itself in the street before Greatorex, and a new voice said: "My brother is dead. I am the second son of Mehemet Ali and his debts are mine. I owe your honor five hundred dollars, and surely it shall be paid." And again for a few years this pledge was repeated at every meeting with the second son.

At last still another Turkish head was bowed before Greatorex, and still another voice said: "Both my elder brothers are dead. I am the third and last son of my father. His debts are now mine, and I owe your honor five hundred dollars."

A few months later on, to the customary acknowledgment of the debt, the young Turk added: "And I see now how payment shall be possible." He went on to explain that his profession was that of a civil engineer, and he was to be sent to Syria to make

an important survey. The fee would be large, and the debt of his father should be the first claim on it.

For some while after this, the wool merchant heard nothing of his debtor; but at length a young Turk came to him in his office and desired to speak with him.

"I am the friend," he said, "of Ali, the son of Mehemet. He was stricken with fever in Syria and died before he had completed his survey. I was with him in his last hour, and he told me of the unpaid debt of his father and made me promise to lay it before his three sisters and call on them to do honor to his father's memory by its payment. Each of the sisters has her own husband, and one of them is rich; but the husbands say they are not the sons of Mehemet Ali, and they would fain escape from this obligation that was his."

"And why not?" said Greatorex, kindly. "The sum is small. I will forgive the debt."

"Not so, my lord," answered the young Turk. "I have promised the son of Mehemet that the debt shall be paid, and he would be ill at ease in his grave if I broke my word. But the three sisters are gathered this morning in the house of their father, and they would fain speak with my lord. Will my lord go thither? And when they propose to leave the debt unpaid, my lord must answer only: 'There is no haste. In the world that is to come each one shall have his own.'"

And the Scot and the Turk went forth together to the house of Mehemet Ali, and from behind the curtains of the women's room came the voices of the three unseen daughters:

"Would my lord graciously forgive the debt of their father, since he was not the father of their husbands?"

And Greatorex, as he had been instructed in advance by the young Turk, answered only, "There is no haste. In the world to come each one shall have his own."

Then from behind the curtain reached the slender, dark hand of the eldest daughter, and in it was a purse. "There," said the voice, "there is the debt which is due the creditor of our father."

And when in his own counting-room the old Scotchman opened the purse, he found there not only the five hundred dollars, but also the interest on it, at five per cent, for nineteen years. The debt had been paid to the uttermost farthing. Thus does a Turk honor his father.

Paul [1]

Into the midst of the market-place of a little town in southern Turkey in Asia, with its little shops, its caravans of camels loading and unloading, its dark-faced dealers, its quiet hum of business done in slow Oriental style, there suddenly burst one day a wild-looking man panting as if from a long chase. His clothes were torn, one arm hung limp, and there were blood stains on his side. Half stopping, he looked about in dazed fashion and a kind-faced man with a long white beard spoke to him.

"Stop and rest, friend; you look—" he began courteously enough, but broke off abruptly, a gleam of fear in his eyes. "Why, 'tis Yusef," he exclaimed. "Man, what has happened! Only last week you went forth with the caravan to Mosul. Tell us not that—"

"Aye," interrupted the traveller, "Aye, 'tis robbers. The whole caravan is lost. They came upon us in the narrow passes of the mountains two days out and spared no one, not a man. I fell beneath one of the beasts, and they thought me dead."

By this time a crowd had gathered exactly as a crowd would gather in one of our American streets. "Gone!" "The whole caravan." "Nothing saved." From mouth to mouth the word passed. Then they listened again, for Yusef was speaking.

"It was a tall man in the lead," he said, "with great broad shoulders and a mighty head. Our men begged for mercy, but he only laughed. I noted especially the knife stuck into his girdle; it had a strange carved handle—"

"Paul again! That's his knife!" exclaimed half a dozen of the men. "He stops at nothing."

"And who is Paul?" a stranger asked, a young man passing through the city on his way into the mountains.

"The terror of the whole district, friend—a brave man, but a robber and a murderer and an unbeliever. He has started more quarrels, plundered and burned more villages, stolen more of other men's goods, and killed more people than any other brigand in all the mountains. May Allah preserve us from him!"

Thus the talk continued and spread through the city until it thrilled with excitement and horror. The young stranger, whose name was John, turned it over and over in his mind as he left

[1] By permission, Congregational Foreign Boards.

the city. "If I could win that Paul to Christ, what a blessing it would be for all this country-side," he mused; "and what a leader for good he would become!" For John was a Christian minister on his way to preach and teach among his rough, wild countrymen in the mountains.

Several years later John had his chance. Paul and his lawless band stopped over night in the same village where he was holding services in a stable. One of the brigands proposed attending the evening service.

"Don't go!" advised his comrade, laughingly. "This John may bewitch you, too. They say he has great power."

"Who has great power? Is it a question of daring? If this man has something worth saying, let us all go and hear." It was Paul himself who spoke. "And if we like it not, we know how to stop him!" he added, and the other men laughed and agreed. So it came about that the whole robber band filed into the stable to listen to Pastor John.

As for Pastor John, he was not afraid—for there are two heroes in this story. With flashing eyes and with prayer in his heart, he talked to those robbers. Paul listened indifferently as he told them how God hates wrongdoing, what a loathsome thing it is, and how Christ came to teach men better. At first he was not interested when John explained that this Jesus was a man of Love, always helping, always giving, never trying to get things for himself, always preaching that men must be brothers not enemies, always asking men to join with Him and preach love, too. But as the story described how evil men began to hate Him, yet how He would not hate back or let his followers fight for Him; how the very ones he had helped, ran off and left Him to be crucified alone; how He was not only brave enough to die, but even on the cross tried to help the men who were killing Him, Paul leaned far forward. Occasionally his lips moved as if he wanted to speak. John looked straight at him. "And Christ, who died so as to teach us the way of love, is able to forgive all our sin and make our lives like His," he said. Then with all his heart in his voice, he told them what a wonderful friend and master Jesus had been to him; and called on those to stand who would leave their wrongdoing and become with him loyal soldiers of Christ, the Captain of Love.

There was a moment's silence and you could have heard a pin drop. Then, with a bound, Paul, the robber chief, was on his

feet. He was speaking in his ringing voice, pledging himself to the service of this Captain. Some of the men rubbed their eyes and could not believe what they saw. But there was no doubt of it.

Through the months that followed, Paul made good in action all that he promised that night. There was no more fighting, or robbing, or killing where Paul was. So far as he could, he made right the evil which he had done, until men came to trust him and turn to him for help instead of fearing him.

I know every boy will agree with me when I say that Paul was something of a hero the night he stood up in the stable before all his men and acknowledged that he had been wrong. But later there came to Paul a test of his loyalty which must have put his name forever into God's book of heroes.

It was three years afterward. War was raging, and all over Turkey the Turks, who are not yet soldiers of Jesus, rose up in hatred against the Christians. You know the stories that the Bible tells of how Stephen and Peter and other Christians back in the early days were thrown into prison and some were stoned and others killed? It was in the same way that, a few years ago, the Turks hunted out the Christians in their country and, unless they could persuade them to deny Christ and promise to worship Allah, the god of the Mohammedans, killed them most cruelly.

One glorious Sunday morning the soldiers, guns in hand, came bursting into the little church where Paul was. They knew that he was the most important man among the Christians in that neighborhood and that the others would do whatever he said. So they wasted no time. "Is Paul here?" they demanded roughly.

And Paul—what of him? He knew he had but to turn back and be again the Paul of robber days, and they would let him go and all the other Christians, too.

"Yes, I am Paul," a quiet voice answered as his tall figure rose in its place.

"Well," said the Captain, "I hear that you have great influence here and in all this region. If you will agree that there is no God but Allah and that Mohammed is the prophet of Allah, we will not touch you. No harm shall come to your people or your village. Only a word—that's all you need to say. Be quick!"

But Paul, the Christian, was the kind of man whom people

everywhere honor. He was looking straight down the barrel of a gun, but he never stirred a step as he answered simply: "Three years ago I became the servant and soldier of Jesus Christ. He has been a wonderful captain to me—and now you ask that I should be a traitor and deny Him. I will not do it! Never!"

They shot him then right where he stood; and he gave his life for his Captain as any good soldier in any army would give his. But the memory of his life still lives in the hearts of the people of the mountains and helps them to be faithful to Paul's Captain, who is their Captain also.

In Persia and America [1]

Arranged for two Junior boys, one in Persian costume if possible.

American Boy	Persian Boy
When an American gentleman enters a house he takes off his hat and leaves on his shoes.	In Persia a man takes off his shoes and leaves his hat on.
We sit on chairs.	We sit on the floor.
We use lots of dishes for a meal.	In our country a whole family eats from one bowl.
We use knives, forks, and spoons.	We eat with our fingers.
In passing people on the street we turn to the right.	We turn to the left.
We sit on a chair at a desk when we study in school.	We sit on the floor and sway backward and forward.
We study our lessons silently.	We shout ours aloud.
We read and write from left to right.	We read and write from right to left.

[1] Based on "A Letter About Persia," in *Over Sea and Land.*

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

Very little work comparatively is done in the Island World by American Mission Boards, except in the case of our new possessions. Apply to your denominational headquarters for information.

Helpful Books on South Sea Islands

Books starred (*) *contain stories suitable for telling.*
For detailed information consult Bibliography, pages 14-27.

Bishop Patteson
Chalmers of New Guinea
* Friends in Other Lands (Leaflet)
* Lamplighters Across the Sea
Our Little Hawaiian Cousin. See *Little Cousins Series.*
Peeps at Many Lands—*South Seas*
Tamate: The Life Story of James Chalmers
The Story of John G. Paton

* International Graded Sunday School Lessons. Course V, Part 4, "A Bonfire of Idols in Aniwa; Course VII, Part 3, "The Supremacy of the Lord—Kapiolani Defies the Fire-goddess Pele"; "A Messenger of Peace—John Williams and His Good Ship."

Stories and Poems

Tamate, the Brave Missionary to New Guinea [1]

James Chalmers was a Scotch lad, brave and strong and quick and daring. He was always the leader among his boy friends. One day, however, he himself found a leader to follow, a hero greater than any other—Jesus Christ. James Chalmers wished to serve his great captain by doing something *very* hard,—just the hardest thing that could be found. Fifty years ago one of the most dangerous things a man could possibly do was to be a missionary in one of the wild South Sea Islands, where the natives were fierce and cruel and nearly all cannibals.

[1] Adapted from *Chalmers of New Guinea.*

Chalmers asked the missionary board to send him to the worst island possible, where no missionary had ever been, and where no single person had ever heard of God or Jesus. After a time his wish was granted, and Chalmers, or "Tamate," as the natives, who could not pronounce the name "Chalmers," called him, went to the big island of Papua or New Guinea, which you will find on the map just north of Australia. Nothing in the world could give Tamate so much happiness as to explore such an island, and to tell its people, who were savage cannibals, about God.

The chief soon became Chalmers' friend, and in time the people grew proud of having the white missionary and his wife live among them.

Like the other natives on New Guinea, these people at Suau were fond of war, and after Tamate came among them had a fierce battle with the men on the mainland. Tamate wanted to make peace between the two tribes, and to tell the enemies on the mainland as well as the now-friendly people at Suau about Jesus. So one afternoon he said to some of his Suau friends: "I am going to Tepauri to-morrow; will you go with me?" Go to the camp of an enemy after such a battle as they had just had? Oh, no, not the bravest dared do such a thing! Of what was their white friend thinking? Even the chief refused.

That evening, as Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers sat at their door, a troop of natives came to them. The dark men carried strange white things in their arms. When they came near, they set them down in front of the house. They were skulls! The chief spoke for the others. He said, "Friend, are you going over there to-morrow?" "Yes, I mean to go," answered Tamate.

"Do you see these skulls? They belong to people we killed over there. They have not been paid for. They will take your head in payment, for you are our great friend!"

He looked hard at Tamate and added, "Will you go now?"

"Yes, I will go to-morrow morning, and God will take care of us," quietly replied Tamate.

The next day Tamate said to a native helper who had come with him from his first island home:

"You heard all the natives said yesterday. I am going to Tepauri. Will you come?"

Although he knew it was so dangerous, this brave Christian native consented, and together he and Tamate started for Tepauri.

Arriving on the mainland, they soon found themselves in the midst of a wild dancing mob. The natives shouted and waved their spears and clubs and made believe to throw them. Every now and again they cried, "Goira! Goira!" which sounded to Tamate and his helper like a word they already knew meaning *"spear them."*

The natives caught Tamate's hand and rushed along the shore with him. The native teacher was forced to follow close behind, and still the men of Tepauri danced and shouted and aimed their spears at unseen foes.

Finally they came to the bed of a stream. Tamate braced his heel against a stone to try to stop himself, but he was lifted over it and on and on, stumbling and running and climbing up the stony bed. He turned to his helper and said, "Try to get back, they may let you go."

"I am trying all the time," replied the brave helper.

"What do you think they mean to do?" panted Tamate, as he was dragged along.

"Oh, they are taking us to the sacred place to kill us," replied the teacher.

"It looks like it," said Tamate.

The thick undergrowth was so close and tangled that there was no hope of escape into it.

"No use," exclaimed Tamate, ceasing to struggle, "God is with us, so let us go quietly."

From the dry stones of the stream bed and the thick bush they came to a beautiful cool pool of water, hung round with fern and moss.

Here, almost breathless, the captives were allowed to stop, and then one of the painted warriors who had been dragging them, made a speech. To the men who were expecting death, came these words so astonishing that they could hardly believe their ears:

"Tamate, look! Here is good *goira*—water (that was what the terrifying word meant!). It is yours, and all this land is yours. Our young men will begin at once to build you a house. Go and bring your wife and leave those bad murdering people you are with, and come and live with us."

Kone, A Christian Savage

After working for some years at Suau, and among the people on the mainland, Tamate made a new home for himself at Fort Moresby, some distance west of his first home. He wished to tell as many of the New Guinea tribes as possible about the true God, so he moved his home every few years, and traveled all along the coast and all through the interior winning the friendship of the people in order to prepare the way for other missionaries who would come later and plant schools and build churches. Tamate had not been in his new home long before he began traveling about as usual.

On one of his voyages westward along the coast he sighted three canoes. The men in the canoes were waiting to trade with natives from the village of Namoa. When they saw Tamate they all went ashore and ate together on the beach. Still there was no sign of the Namoans.

"Why not walk to Namoa?" said one.

"Why not?"

"And Tamate will come too!"

He did not wish to go. He was on his way to a village farther west. But the others were very eager to have him with them, and he yielded. As they started, he looked round doubtfully.

"I fear it will rain before we can get back," he said.

"Not till we return," answered a native woman.

"Why not?"

"The rainmaker is with us, and he only can bring rain!"

"Where is he?"

The woman pointed to a chief named Kone.

"What about rain, Kone?"

"It cannot rain, so do not fear."

"But I think it will rain."

"You need not fear; let us start."

As they walked, he said again, "Kone, it will rain!"

"It will not," Kone said. Then he turned to the mountains and shouted:

"Rain, stay on the mountains! Rain, stay on the mountains!"

"No use, Kone; rain will come."

Soon the rain began to fall in torrents. Kone thought that Tamate had brought the rain by stronger magic than he himself

could use. He said: "You are a great chief, and so am I, but the rain has listened to you."

"Come, my friend," said Tamate, "I have told you of the great and good Spirit and of his power."

But Kone only laughed.

The kindly Namoans made the strangers welcome. They feasted them in their clubhouse till the rain was over and the stars shone on the white chief and the dark natives, who gazed with awe on the man who had brought rain in spite of Kone.

After this Tamate often met the rainmaker, who loved to sit and listen while the white chief told of the fierce men who lived toward the sunsetting, and of the way in which he had brought peace among many of them. Kone offered to visit him at Port Moresby. Tamate was amused. He thought it was only in order to get tobacco and tomahawks and beads that Kone meant to come. Kone did wish to get these things, but the thought of peace had got into his mind, and he had begun to love his new friend greatly too.

Tamate wished to place a teacher in the village of Delena, where Kone's home was. So he stayed there for some time to take charge of the building of a house and to prepare for a school.

While Tamate stayed at Delena, he had a short service each day at sunrise, and another at sunset. At first the natives came to see what the strange white man did. Afterwards they began to care for what he said. They found that this strong chief, who had brought rain when they did not wish it, and peace when they did wish it, cared very much about the words he spoke at sunrise and at sunset. They could see it. His face glowed. The man who had been calm when the arrows flew about him, grew excited when he spoke of his Master Jesus Christ. So they wondered and listened. But Kone waited when the others went away. He wished to know more. Tamate taught him a prayer: "Great Spirit of love, give me light! Lead me to Christ, for Jesus' sake."

It is very simple, but it was not easy for Kone to learn it. Every now and then a smile came to Tamate's lips when he saw the rainmaker on his way from the village, for he knew why he was coming and what he would say:

"Tamate, I have forgotten it."

Then he learned it again, and went off gladly, only to come back in a little while and say, "I have forgotten it, Tamate."

But before the house was built, Kone had learned that prayer so that he could never forget it.

Not long after Mr. Chalmers left Delena, a great feast was held there. Kone's heart was full of love to his white friend who had saved him from death and had brought peace because he knew the great Spirit of love. Kone, too, wished to bring peace. He would help Tamate's work and end the strife between the Loloans and the Naara tribe with whom they were at war. He thought the feast would be a good time to begin, so he asked two Naara men to come to Delena for it.

As the dancing began, he saw a Loloan steal up behind one of his Naara friends. The Loloan's spear was aimed at the stranger. There was no time for Kone to save his guest except in one way. He leapt in front of his friend, and the spear that was meant for the Naara man entered his own breast. He was carried home to die.

"Send for Tamate," he said, "send for Tamate." But across the reef and up against the shore a great southeast wind was blowing, and no canoe could face the wildness of the sea.

In the darkness of pain and weakness, Kone could not have the joy of seeing his friend once more. But still in the shadow of death he sought for Tamate's Master, and murmured the words he had learned so slowly: "Great Spirit of love, give me light! Lead me to Christ."

A few months later, Mr. Chalmers came back to Delena. He wished to go still farther west, and meant to take Kone with him. Kone was a good fellow-traveler. He could speak many languages, he was loved by the natives, and he was a constant joy to Tamate. The great child-like heart of the savage chief was like his own. When the boat reached Delena, a canoe came out to meet her. But there were no shouts of welcome, and Kone was not there.

A chief stepped on board in silence, and at first would give no answer to the eager question, "Where is Kone?" Then he said, "Oh, Tamate, your friend Kone is dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes, Kone is dead, and we buried him at your house, the house of his one great friend!"

Then came the story of how Kone gave his life for his friend, and as Tamate sat with his head bowed in his hands in grief, came the memory of the little prayer which Kone had tried so hard to learn, "Great Spirit of love, give me light! Lead me to Christ," and Tamate knew that it had been answered at last.

A Plea from Tanna [1]

After Dr. John G. Paton's many blood-curdling adventures during his last year on the island of Tanna, the little band of three missionaries finally decided to leave. The friendly chiefs through whose assistance alone the escape of the missionaries was possible, sent a prayer by Dr. Paton to the "Great chief at Sydney." [2]

"We great men of Tanna," they said, "dwell in a dark land. Our people are very dark-hearted. They know nothing good. Misi Paton, the man, Misi Mathieson, the man, and Misi Mathieson, the woman, have dwelt here four yams (years), to teach us the worship of Jehovah. Alas, a part of our chiefs . . . they and their people hate the worship of Jehovah and all the good conduct which the worship teaches us and the people of all lands. They have stolen all Misi's property, they have broken his house and cut down his bananas, and they desire to kill Misi and eat him so that they may destroy the worship of God from the land of Tanna. . . . We hate their conduct . . . and pray you, the chief of Sydney, to quickly send a war boat to punish them. Then, truly, we will rejoice; then it will be good and safe for the three missionaries to dwell here and to teach us. Our hearts are very dark; we know nothing, we are just like pigs. . . . We earnestly pray you to protect us. We weep for our missionaries. They brought us medicine for our sickness and clothing for our bodies; they taught us good conduct and the way to heaven. Of these things, long ago, we had no knowledge; therefore we weep and our hearts cling to our missionaries. If they three are not here, who will love us and teach us good things? Who will protect us from foreigners? Oh, compassionate us, Chief of Sydney! . . . You and your people know the word of Jehovah; you are going on the path to heaven, oh, look in mercy on us dark-hearted men, going to the

[1] From *Christus Redemptor*. By Helen B. Montgomery.

[2] This plea may be read effectively by an older Junior, after another pupil has given the brief story of Dr. Paton's life on the island of Tanna.

bad land as our fathers went before us! May Jehovah make your hearts sweet toward us . . . and we will pray Jehovah to make you good, and give you rich reward."

This prayer is in process of being answered, for after some years it was found practicable to reopen mission work on the island; and this hardest mission field in the heathen world, as it has been called, seems on the eve of full surrender to the gospel.

A Samoan Canoe Song

Translated by a missionary, who heard it sung by his crew while being paddled from Aana to Manono. The Rev. John Williams, "The Apostle to the Pacific," is the hero of the song.[1]

Tall were the trees and sweet the fruits of Aana;
But the warriors came from Manono,
And with cruel spite in their power and might
Cut down all the fruit trees of Aana;
But Williams came with the gospel of peace,
And tall trees and sweet fruits again grow in Aana.

Clear were the streams and sweet the rills of Aana;
But the warriors came from Manono,
And they dyed the clear flood with the heart's best blood
Of the slain of the manhood of Aana;
But Williams came with the gospel of peace,
And clear streams and sweet waters now flow on Aana.

Green were the fields and neat the homes of Aana;
But the warriors came from Manono,
And green fields grew red and the war flame was fed,
With the wreck of the houses of Aana;
But Williams came with the gospel of peace,
And green fields and neat homes are now seen on Aana.

Cruel and dark were the old gods of Aana,
Like the gods adored on Manono.
And they heard not the prayer nor the shriek of despair
Which rose from the altars in Aana;
But Williams came with the gospel of peace,
And Jesus our Savior is now loved in Aana.

1 Music for this song may be obtained by application to the London Missionary Society, 16 New Bridge Street, London, E. C., England.

LATIN AMERICA

To the south of the United States lies Mexico, and beyond Mexico a group of five small republics, not one of them as big as the state of Nebraska. Still farther south lies the great continent of South America, sometimes called "The Neglected Continent," whose importance is constantly increasing. Latin America includes South and Central America, Mexico, and the West Indies. We are beginning to realize that all of these countries are our neighbors and therefore must be our friends.

For statistics, denominational information, maps, pictures, etc., apply to your denominational headquarters.

Helpful Books on Latin America

Books starred (*) contain stories suitable for telling.
For detailed information consult Bibliography, pages 14-27.

Ancient Peoples at New Tasks
Children of South America. See *Children's Missionary Series.*
Continents and Their People, The
* Friends in Other Lands (Leaflet)
Isles of Spice and Palm
Land of the Golden Man, The
Lucita: A Child's Story of Old Mexico
Makers of South America
Manuel in Mexico
Mexican Twins, The
Our Little Cuban Cousin. See *Little Cousins Series*
Our Little Porto-Rican Cousin. See *Little Cousins Series*
Peeps at Many Lands—*South America*
Ray and Roy in Mexico
South American Neighbors
Strange Lands Near Home
* Under Many Flags. ("The Man with a Million Bibles"; "The Story of Poit")

Stories suitable for telling may be found in back numbers of *Everyland* as follows:

January, 1917: Latin American Number.
March, 1917: "The Story of Mayto."
April, 1917: "Micay Lost in La Paz."
May, 1917: "The Friendly Brothers of the Horse."
June, 1917: "Two Kinds of Magic."

Plays

PAGEANT OF THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN MAN.

Stories

Dolores [1]

The story of a Washington's Birthday post-card

ANITA B. FERRIS

A boy and girl sat close together on a high rock above the pack-train trail through the mountains in central Peru. The little girl held in her hand some woolen yarn, which she constantly twisted between her fingers to spin it, while she talked.

"It is perfectly beautiful," exclaimed Dolores, as she looked over Juan's shoulder at the picture post-card in his hand. "Where did you get it?"

"When I was at the mission school at Lima," replied Juan, "a boy in the United States sent it to me."

"But how did he know you?" questioned Dolores.

"His name is Juan, too, and he sent it to a boy in the school who should have his name and be his age, eleven years old, and teacher said I was the one he meant. See, here is his name on the back—J-o-h-n, Hwan," spelled Juan. "It's just the same as Juan, only they don't spell it right in their country."

"Oh-h," said Dolores. "Can you read?"

Juan nodded his head wisely.

"How I wish I could!" sighed Dolores. "Read me what it says on the other side, where the beautiful picture is."

"I can't read that to you, Dolores, because that's in English,

[1] By permission of *Everyland*, February, 1917.

but teacher told me what it said," replied Juan. "That beautiful red, white, and blue border represents the colors of the country. And that bunch of red fruit in the corner—I can't remember the name—"

Dolores gazed at the cherries meditatively. "They look like our mountain tomatoes."

"Yes, something," replied Juan. "Perhaps they are a kind of tomato. And that grand señor in the blue coat is the father of the little boy in the blue trousers with the gold hatchet. The father is pointing to the little tree and he is saying, 'My son, did you chop down—did you chop down my tomato tree?' And the boy, as you see, is bowing to the grand señor while he says (you see the printing over there?), *'Padre mio,* I cannot tell a lie; I regret exceedingly but I did cut down your tomato tree.'"

"And then what happened?" questioned Dolores, breathlessly.

"Why, I guess he got one beating from his father," replied Juan.

"I should think it would have been better for him to tell the lie," said Dolores. "I have told many so my father would not beat me."

"And so have I," replied Juan, "but then you see this boy grew up to be a great man and a very good one. The teacher said great and good men do not tell lies. And see, on this other side the boy in North America wrote: 'This is the great man who is the Father of our Country. His name is George (Don Jorge—I forget his last name; it is such a long one). Who is your country's great man?' And then he signed his name."

"Who is our great man?" questioned Dolores.

"I asked my teacher and she said the liberator of Peru was Señor San Martin, and I sent a post-card back to the boy and told him so."

"Señor San Martin," repeated Dolores.

"Yes," replied Juan, "and she said she did not believe he told lies either. It is not good to tell lies. I do not think I shall tell any more."

"I do not like to get a beating," said Dolores, hesitatingly.

"Oh, girls are always afraid," replied Juan. "But I must go."

"Oh, Juan," pleaded Dolores, "if you can really write, won't you please write something for me on the ground here?"

"All right," Juan consented, "I'll write this." With a stick he traced slowly the words, *"Yo video l'hombre."*

"What does that say?" questioned Dolores.

"I-see-the-man," read Juan.

"But *how* does it say that? Would anybody who saw those marks say right away, 'I see the man'?"

"Of course, you stupid," replied Juan.

"Oh, how I wish I could read and write!" sighed Dolores. "But father can't read, though he is Spanish, and of course mother can't because she is an Indian."

"My father and mother can't read and write either. Nobody in our village can—except me," replied Juan, proudly.

Dolores looked at him with envy. "Won't you write some more for me, please, Juan?"

Juan looked down and shuffled the earth with his bare toes. "I can't," he said, sheepishly. "You see I was at the school only two months, and now father has taken me away to work with him in the new mine."

"Won't I ever see you again, Juan?" asked Dolores, the tears coming to her eyes. "Oh, let me look at the pretty card once more, Juan. If I had a picture like that, I would put it on the shelf with the saints. It is so beautiful."

"I—I'd give it to you, Dolores, if I—I had any other," stammered Juan, "but I want to show this to mother."

"No, you keep it, Juan, and you'll stop here to see me, won't you, if you ever come back, Juan?"

Juan nodded. "Good-by, Dolores, and maybe, maybe some day you will have a picture too."

"Good-by, Juan," and Dolores smiled and waved her hand, till Juan was quite out of sight.

"If father would only let me go to school!" she whispered to herself, as she went on with her spinning.

Suddenly, a steady tramp, tramp caught her ear, and a long pack-train of sturdy mountain mules swung into sight. "Oh, it is father with the mule-train for the new mine," Dolores cried, and ran down the hill.

"I cannot stop now, Dolores," her father greeted her. "Tell Señor Gates when he calls, that his supplies will not be along until to-morrow, but here are some letters for him. Do not forget to give them to him," and he pulled from his pouch a large package bound together with cord, and hurried on with his mules. "I shall not be home until to-morrow morning," he called back.

Dolores looked at the bundle. There were some newspapers,

many letters, and, wonder of wonders, right on top, but protected from the cord by an old piece of wrapping paper, was the most beautiful picture post-card Dolores had ever seen. Among tall lilies, all white and gold, stood a shining angel before an open tomb. The angel had delicate rainbow wings and long, golden hair, such as Dolores had never seen. "Oh-h, how lovely!" she whispered. "It is much prettier than Juan's picture. I—I would like to see it better." She looked around. There was no one in sight. Her mother was busy at the back of the house. Surely there was no harm in just looking at the card. She slipped it out from under the string. The picture seemed even more beautiful, now that she could hold it at arm's length. "If I only had it for my very own," thought Dolores.

"Why not?" some one seemed to whisper in her ear. "The Señor Engineer will never know. It is only a little card." Dolores turned the card over. There was the address where Juan's had been, but on the place where Juan's card had been full of writing, here were only three little words. The person then could not have had much to say. It could not be very important.

A horse was coming up the hill on the other side. There was no time to replace the card now. Quickly Dolores hid it in her dress.

"Good evening, my little tie-post," called a merry voice. "Pedro is all ready for his grass."

"Buenos noches, Señor," replied Dolores, pulling a tuft of grass for the big horse. "Here is the mail which father brought."

"Well, that is a happy surprise. And did the supplies come too?"

"No, Señor, father said they would be along to-morrow."

"Then if there is nothing to load, Pedro will have to miss his grass to-night." The Señor Gates glanced hastily over his mail as he sat on Pedro's back, the bridle slipped over his arm. Dolores, trembling, pulled another tuft of grass for Pedro. Would the Señor know? Would he guess?

"Was this all, Dolores?" he asked.

"Yes, Señor," answered Dolores, hardly above a whisper.

"Well, then, Betty must have forgotten her Daddy for once, for there is nothing from her. Betty is my little girl, Dolores."

"Indeed, Señor!" At another time Dolores would have been full of questions, but now she wished only that the kind Señor Gates would go.

"You are sad, like your name, to-night, Dolores. What is the trouble?" he asked.

"I want to go to school," replied Dolores, in a very low voice.

"You want to go to school? Ho," laughed the Señor Gates. "In my country little girls often cry because they *have* to go. So cheer up, and good night."

"Good night," replied Dolores, and he was gone.

"Padre mio, I cannot tell a lie," came out of the air. Dolores took out the picture post-card and looked at it. Somehow she did not enjoy having it as much as she had thought she would.

She had told a lie and kept what was not hers. What would the kind Señor Gates think if he knew? And he had given her sweets once and he always let her feed big Pedro, the horse, and lead him about while he packed his supplies. The card did not look as pretty as it had at first. Well, she would go put it up on her saint shelf. Oh, but if her mother saw it, she would have to say that Señor Gates had given it to her—another untruth. And another and another she must tell when her father came home. What would Juan say if he knew? "It is not good to tell lies," the words said themselves.

And perhaps,—the thought made Dolores start—perhaps, the card was from Betty, the kind Señor's little girl. If she had such a dear, good father, how would she like it if some one kept her beautiful card away from him where he would never see its gay colors and shining angel?

"Oh, I must take it back, I must take it back," cried Dolores. "And what will the Señor do to me?"

"Girls are always afraid," said a voice in her ear.

"They are *not,"* she cried, and started to run. It was almost dark, but Dolores did not stop for that. At the turn of the path near the camp of the Señor Engineer, was a heap of stones. People said evil spirits haunted the place, so each traveler set up a little cross of wood among the stones as he passed, and tied a rag to it to frighten them away. Should she turn back? She stopped and hid in the bushes, her heart pounding fast. The wind fluttered the little rags. Were the evil spirits in the wind?

"O Señor San Martin, O other great man, help me to tell the truth," she prayed, as with her hands pressed close over her ears she rushed past as fast as her feet would carry her. The Señor's door was just beyond and she ran in.

"Oh, Señor Gates, I cannot tell a lie; I cut down your tomato tree," she sobbed.

"My *what!*" exclaimed the Señor as he lifted her onto his knee.

"I don't mean that; I mean your picture post-card," sobbed Dolores. "I kept it. Here it is."

"Oh, my card from Betty," said Señor Gates. "It says, 'With love, Betty.' It was kind of you to bring it."

"But I—I did not tell you the truth," cried Dolores. "I had it all the time, and you may beat me if you wish."

"I don't understand," replied the kind Señor Gates. "Suppose you tell me all about it."

And Dolores did. She told him all about Juan and the Washington's birthday post-card, and where it came from, and how much, how very much she wanted to go to school and learn to read and write, only there was no school anywhere at home.

"Why will not your father let you go to the mission school at Lima, where Juan went?" asked Señor Gates.

"Father says he cannot spare me from home. Our home is right on the trail of the pack-trains now, and supplies and mail will be left at our house."

"Of course," replied the Señor, "but we engineers and men from other countries need a little postmistress who can read and write. Think how much that would help your father! Above all, we need some one who has learned to tell the truth. I think the mission school would be a pretty good investment for us, don't you?"

Dolores did not understand the big word, but she said, "Then, Señor, you will ask my father if I may go?"

"To-morrow morning, the very first thing," he promised. "Now I am going to take you home."

Dolores thought of the heap of stones with the fluttering rags showing white in the dusk. "Señor," she whispered, "you are so kind. Are you not afraid of the haunted stones?"

"No indeed," he laughed," and you will not be, after you have been to the mission school."

"Shall I not?" she asked with wonder.

A week later Dolores stood again by the big rock and looked down the trail. Soon she caught the beat of horse's hoofs. "It will be the Señor Gates," she told herself, and struck impatiently at the vines with the stick in her hand and swung her basket of berries. She wore her gayest shawl.

"Well, little postmistress, are you ready for school?" called Señor Gates.

"Quite ready," Dolores nodded happily, "and see, I have brought you some berries to eat on the way."

The Señor swung her up to his saddle. "Thank you," he said. "They look very good."

"However, they are not as pretty as the fruit of the tomato tree on the post-card, which you have doubtless tasted," answered Dolores, regretfully.

A Border Ruffian [1]

BERTHA M. SHEPARD

The border was the boundary line between Mexico and the United States, and the ruffian was a black-eyed Mexican boy about ten years of age, named Pablo. His only friend and companion was a small donkey, or burro, as the Mexicans call them.

"Come, Little One!" Pablo whispered into the long ear of the burro. "It is nearly night, and time for thee to carry me into the city of *Los Americanos.*"

Pablo's burro was almost black, with white feet, and a white nose, and twinkling black eyes. His name, Diavelo, was given him because of the bad deeds in which he and his little master joined, night after night, as they crept through the mountain pass.

For months, since the murder of his mother and sister by the Mexican soldiers while they were looting the village where Pablo lived, he had been hiding in the mountains. At last, driven by hunger, he had come to the outskirts of a Mexican town on the northern border-line. Just over the Rio Grande River was a city of the United States. It was to this city that the little Mexican child and his burro would go at nightfall and hunt for food in garbage-cans and unlocked cellars. Before daylight they would hurry away again, and hide themselves in a partly caved-in hut of adobe on the Mexican side of the river.

[1] *Everyland*, March, 1915.

"Slowly, now!" commanded Pablo, for Diavelo had started on a run up the mountain pass and the evening had not yet darkened the purple mountain-tops enough for them to safely raid the cellars and dooryards of the neighboring *Americanos.*

"It is for a clothes-rope to-night!" said Pablo, drawing the ragged shoulders of his blouse together and shivering in the evening wind.

Indeed, the cotton garments that he wore were so torn and poor they could not cover the tiny form of the child enough for decency, to say nothing of warmth. Hunger looked from the small, pinched face and a hunted look from the dark eyes.

"It is strange clothing *El Americano* wears," muttered Pablo, talking to himself in his own language, which was a mixture of Spanish and Indian. He stood looking at a line of pillow-slips and table linen in the yard of a large house.

"Come along, Diav'lo, to the next," he added. "This must be the day for wash. See, here is another rope!"

Pablo groped his way around the yard, looking first at one article and then another. At last he found a waist of light blue print, and, O joy! a little pair of trousers. They were white, and made of cotton cloth, but their only fault in Pablo's eyes was that they had no pocket. His old pocket still hung to his trouser-leg by a thread and in it was a knife, Pablo's one instrument of defense.

"With a few pins I could make the old pocket on the new clothes," said Pablo, eagerly eyeing the fast shut doors and windows of the houses behind which he was slowly stealing along.

"Stay here, Diav'lo! Not a sound!" he whispered in his burro's ear. Then, climbing over a high board fence, he spied a sleeping-tent in the yard.

Slowly he stole nearer and nearer to the tent. He raised its door curtain and looked in. Soft breathing met his ear and he could see by the light of the clear Southern moon a mother, fast asleep, and by her side a little child.

Pablo dropped the tent cloth hastily, and with his hand pressed against his throat he bravely tried to crowd back the memories of his own mother and his little sister so cruelly killed by the soldiers a few months before. He hurried away. Next he came to a building which did not look like the houses he had passed. He peered into the windows.

"What an odd room *El Americano* has!" thought the boy. There were many wooden seats with desks all in a row. In front was a large table. He could faintly outline pictures on the wall.

Suddenly a familiar sound smote upon his ear.

"Heehaw, heehaw!"

Pablo fled from the building, over the fence, down the alley he ran toward his burro.

"Diav'lo, Diav'lo, hush!" he commanded. "Thou wilt ruin all, with thy cry of *El Mao* (the evil one)! Wilt thou be still?"

Diavelo, neck and head stretched upward toward the sky, and small frame quivering with the weird cry of the Mexican burro, stopped his song at the touch of his little master.

Pablo sprang upon his back and beating him with the palm of his hand tried to urge him into a trot. Diavelo took a few steps and suddenly laid himself down in the road.

"Poor beast, thou art hungry—I blame thee not. Fine clothing is of no comfort to thee!" said Pablo.

"Ah," continued the child, as his gaze fell upon a half open window in a cellar of the school building, "thy patron saint himself must have told thee to stop here."

A half an hour later, Diavelo's hunger having been appeased and his back and sides literally covered with bundles containing food enough for several days, the two small brigands crossed the river and descended the mountains on the other side.

The days following Pablo's raid were dull and lonesome. With his burro for comrade, they scoured the foot-hills, far and wide.

The American city, however, always seemed to call him to come across and brave the daylight in its streets.

"No one has ever seen me," thought the boy, one day. "I will leave Diav'lo in the hut, and I will be Americano. Me! Myself!"

So he boldly forded the stream and entered the city. No one seemed to notice him among the many other little urchins roaming about. Pablo followed a group of boys and girls at a distance as they rioted through the streets and at length entered a building on the top of which waved an American flag. He quickly recognized the building as the one he had visited on the night of his raid.

"What do they do in there, and when will they come out

again?" thought the boy, as he waited patiently, near the door.

At length Pablo heard a few notes of music. He pressed closer to the door; his heart thrilled with the love of melody.

"The Lord is my shepherd,
No want shall I know,
I rest in green pastures,
Safe folded I go,"

sang the childish voices within, in Spanish.

Pablo peered cautiously around the door. Yes, there they were, sitting with folded hands and happy eyes, while a sweet-faced lady stood before them, leading the song.

But what is that picture on the wall? Pablo, unconsciously to himself, is wholly inside the doorway now. His gaze riveted upon a picture of a shepherd with his sheep about him, and a lamb in his arms. Soon the song ended, and as the teacher's eyes fell upon Pablo, he darted from the room, hiding, however, behind the door. Through the crack he could see the teacher pointing to the picture on the wall, and she told, first in Spanish and then in English, the story of *El Christo* and of how he loves and cares for the children, even to-day, as a shepherd cares for his sheep.

"And," continued the teacher, "we must obey him. He has told us that we must always tell the truth."

Pablo's little form straightened itself with pride. "Me! I never lie. I tell the truth," he whispered to himself.

"He wants us to be kind always," she said.

Pablo remembered the blows he had given Diavelo, and he hung his head.

"Never steal," said the teacher.

Pablo's heart sank. Could he not be one of the Shepherd's lambs if he stole?

Pablo turned from the doorway quickly and ran down the street. In and out of the alleys to the river's brink, across the ford and up the mountain-pass he sped, to his hut. There he found Diavelo drooping in a corner, tied to the lemon-crate that they had once taken from a grocery store.

"Diav'lo," sobbed the boy, as he threw his arms around the burro's neck; "thou art my only friend! I cannot give back the food. Thou art hungry!"

"Here, little one! Eat, little one!" He pressed an onion into the burro's mouth, and, tempted by its fragrance, prepared one for himself, placing pieces of it between two crackers and eating it eagerly.

Day after day Pablo went to the doorway of the American school. No one could persuade him to enter, and at the first step toward him, he would turn from the building, running like a wild thing down the street, disappearing from sight as though swallowed up.

Only Diavelo heard the lessons that the little Mexican boy learned at the school. Only Diavelo listened as his master sang the new songs.

"We must give back, Diav'lo! We must give back," Pablo would repeat over and over, but in the end he would always give the burro something to eat and take also a few of the stolen things for himself, until there was only a very little left.

"O Diav'lo, there will be nothing to give back!" wailed the boy, one stormy night, as the two comrades crouched in a corner of the rude shelter while the wind and rain beat upon the walls without.

Diavelo moaned in sympathy with his master, then watched him with curious eyes as he slowly rose and gathered together a handful of broken crackers, one or two onions and a piece of dry bread and placed them in a small tin biscuit box.

"This we will give back," he said impressively. "To-morrow, *mañana.*" And with that characteristic Spanish word, Pablo curled himself up and fell asleep. Meanwhile the storm raged in the mountains.

The next morning when Pablo and Diavelo started across to the American city, the river was higher than Pablo had ever seen it, but tying the precious tin box securely to Diavelo's neck and taking firm hold of the burro's neck himself, they started bravely across. But the current was swifter than Pablo thought. Fiercely Diavelo struggled to swim against the current, but the rushing waters carried them first this way and then that. Pablo held on with all his strength, but he could not tell where they were going. Soon he could see nothing. And that was the last he knew.

"O Teacher, come! Down by the river! Come, quick!" called childish voices.

The mission teacher hastened from her door. The storm had worked mischief all around, but she did not linger to view the fallen poles, nor the great gashes in the roadway.

"A boy—he is drowned!" they cried. "He was clinging to a burro."

The teacher hurried to the embankment. There on the ground lay Pablo, one hand closely fastened in a cord that was tied firmly around the burro's neck and from which there hung a battered tin box.

"The child is not dead," cried the teacher, bending her ear to his heart. "Bring me blankets—hot water, quick!"

Every one flew. Pablo was rubbed, rolled, turned this way and that, until at length the dark lashes quivered, the childish lips parted in a sigh.

"He is safe!" cried the teacher. "He lives!"

Soon he was carried to the school and placed in the teacher's own room.

Hours passed while Pablo slept. Meanwhile Diavelo was cared for. The box was taken from his neck and placed where Pablo would see it. Pablo awoke slowly as he heard voices in another room. The shadows through the window seemed like late afternoon and children's voices began to sing:

"Jesus, gentle Shepherd, hear us!
Bless thy little lambs to-night!"

Pablo sat up. He saw his tin box near him and reached out for it. It fell upon the floor.

The door opened quickly and the lady of the school entered the room.

"What is it, my boy?" she said kindly as she picked up the fallen package and gave it to him.

Pablo's weak hands closed upon it. Then with an effort, he pushed it back toward her, saying in broken English:

"I give back—for *El Christo*—I give back!"

By the bedside the puzzled teacher held a battered tin box in her hands and gazed questioningly down into the deep, dark eyes. Then Pablo told her the whole story, and at the end said:

"For *El Christo,* I give back. Diav'lo will work for you—we will both work to pay."

MISSIONS IN GENERAL

List of Helpful Books

Books starred (*) contain stories suitable for telling.
For detailed information consult Bibliography, pages 14-27.
For "Handwork," see Bibliography, page 25.

Argonauts of Faith
Five Missionary Minutes
Following the Dramatic Instinct
* Graded Stories and Studies
* Here and There Stories (Leaflet)
* Homes Around the World Picture Stories
Junior Citizen
* Little Builders (Leaflet)
Mayflower Program Book
Missionary Education of Juniors
* Missionary Gems for Juniors
Missionary Services of Worship. See *Missionary Education* (magazine)
* Other Boys and Girls (Leaflet)
* Other Children (Leaflet)
* Other People's Children
Practical Work Suggestions (Leaflet)
* Primary Missionary Stories
Some Stories My Room Told Me (Leaflet)
Stories of Brotherhood

Stories and Poems

The Children's City [1]

ANITA B. FERRIS

Helen dreamed a wonderful dream one night. She found herself on the street of a city made all of shining gold. The street was of pure, yellow gold, and the houses on either side shone like the sun, for they also were of gold.

As she looked about in wonder, a beautiful shining person

1 Reprinted by permission of *The Graded Sunday School Magazine*, copyright, 1917, by H. H. Meyer.

came toward her. Although he was a stranger, Helen did not feel at all shy, for he had such a kind face.

"Welcome to the city," he smiled.

"Please, what city is this?" asked Helen, taking his hand.

"This is the Children's City," replied the Shining One.

"It is very beautiful," said Helen, "but where are the children?"

"Here comes one of them now," answered the Shining One.

A pretty little girl came running into the street, but she was dressed differently from any girl Helen had ever seen. She wore a pink and white kimono with a wide pink sash, and there were little green fans in her hair.

"Please, I am looking for the Master," she said to the Shining One. "Can you tell me where I can find him?"

"He is coming to the boys and girls soon," answered the Shining One. "Just play with the other children while you are waiting."

Helen and the girl in the kimono looked at each other shyly; then they smiled; and before either of them knew it, they were playing a merry game of ball with a beautiful, starry white blossom they found in the shining street. Long they romped and played in the warm golden light.

"It must be nearly time for him now," whispered the little girl, in a strange language.

Somehow Helen understood. "Yes, he will be here soon," she answered.

Then they came hand in hand to an open court in the Shining City. It was filled with boys and girls, laughing and playing a great ring-around-a-rosy game.

Such children Helen had never seen in her life before. There were copper-colored boys and girls in Indian suits; there were furry Eskimos; there were boys and girls in gay kimonos; yellow boys and girls in blue suits; brown boys and girls with hardly any clothes on; girls with seaweed and flowers in their hair; French, Italian, English, German, and Swiss boys.

"How queer!" said Helen. "How pretty they all look—the red, brown, white, and yellow children!"

"They look so pretty, I think," whispered the kimono girl, "because they are so happy."

Just then the other boys and girls caught sight of Helen and her friend.

"Come play with us!" they called, as they opened their ring. "It is lots of fun!" They held out their hands in welcome.

Soon Helen and the kimono girl were laughing and playing as if they had known these strange boys and girls all their lives.

"Come, let us rest on the shore of the Shining Lake till the Friend comes," cried a little brown brother, pointing to a beautiful lake, which lay like a flashing mirror beside the Children's City.

So they all sat down on the shady bank. "Let's sing while we wait," proposed a blue-eyed Swiss girl.

"Yes, let's sing," answered a little yellow boy. "Let's sing—," and he said a very strange name.

"I don't know that song," objected Helen. "Nor I—nor I," echoed the others.

Then a little copper-colored boy proposed another song. But he was the only one who knew that!

One after another they each proposed a song, but nobody else could sing it.

"*I'll* tell you," exclaimed a girl with flowers and sea-weed in her hair. "Let's sing, 'Jesus loves me, this I know.' Do you all know that?"

"Yes, yes," came the eager voices all around the circle. "Yes, we *all* know that!"

So the copper-colored children, the yellow, the white, and the brown sang with all their hearts.

Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so.
Little ones to him belong;
They are weak, but he is strong.

How the chorus rang!

Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
The Bible tells me so.

"Once we in Africa did not know that Jesus loves us," said a little brown boy.

"Why," exclaimed Helen in astonishment, "I thought everybody knew that!"

A little yellow boy shook his head. "No, not till the white people came to tell us. We came here as soon as we heard."

"We worshiped idols in India," said a girl in red.

"Once we did not know in Japan," whispered Helen's friend.

"We did not know in the Islands of the Sea—and how afraid we were of the cruel spirits!" said a girl with sea-weed and flowers in her hair.

"I am so glad we told," exclaimed Helen.

"Now we who know are *all* telling, so that every boy and girl in the world will come here to play," answered a little brown girl.

Just then the air grew sweeter; the rubies and amethysts, the diamonds and sapphires on the city wall sparkled more brightly. The children sprang to their feet, for they knew He was coming, the Friend who once said, "Let the little ones come unto me."

How they crowded about Him as He seated himself by the Shining Lake! He drew them into his lap till his arms were full. Helen threw herself on the ground and leaned her head against his knees. It was so sweet to be with Him! Opposite her sat her Japanese friend. Helen reached over and took her hand.

"I am so glad you are here," she whispered. "Isn't it lovely to play with all the children of the world?" [1]

Offering Song [2]

Hark! to the music calling us softly,
Come bring your gifts of love.
Bring them with singing, asking a blessing
Of the dear Lord above.

Chorus

Cheerfully giving, joyfully giving
Out of our little store,
Lord, when we're older, we shall be happy
If we can give Thee more.

Off'rings we're bringing, gifts for the many
Little ones far and wide,—
Over the ocean, out on the prairie,
Close by the mountain side.

[1] The picture "Hope of the World" should be used in connection with this story. Published by M. E. M. Sepia, 12 by 18 inches, 35 cents.

[2] Quoted from *The Sunday Kindergarten*. Carrie Sivyer Ferris. University of Chicago Press. Price, $1.50.

Bless us, thy children, bringing our offering,
Father in heaven, we pray;
May we be gentler, sweeter, and kinder,
Pleasing Thee every day.

Children of the Mission

An exercise for six Primary children. May be used also as one complete reading.

First Child

In the land of ice and snow,
Lives the little Eskimo;
Dress of skin,
Fur side in,
Keeps him warm from head to toe.

Second Child

Running wild in blazing sun,
Plays the little African;
Not a thread,
From his head,
Wears this little black-skinned one.

Third Child

Far away, o'er distant seas,
Dwells the little Japanese;
Silken gown,
Falls way down
Far below his yellow knees.

Fourth Child

On the sweeping prairie wide,
Does the Indian child abide;
Beads in rows,
Buckskin clothes,
Serve his copper skin to hide.

Fifth Child

In the crowded city's street,
Poorest child of all we meet—
Feet all bare,
Rags to wear,
Homeless, friendless, naught to eat.

Sixth Child

Now to all these children dear,
Let us send a word of cheer;
Tell them how
Jesus now
Waits with love to draw them near.

—*Selected.*

Offering Prayer

Dear Jesus, bless the money we bring thee,
Give it something sweet to do,
May it help some one to love thee.
Jesus, may we love thee too.

A Prayer

Lord Jesus, thou who lovest
Each little child like me,
Oh, take my life and use it,
And let me shine for thee.
Oh, give me bits of work to do
To show how much I love thee, too.

—*By permission*

A Christmas Verse[1]

God sent this loving Baby
From his home in heaven above:
He came down to show all people
How to help and how to love.

[1] From *Song Stories for the Sunday School.*

A Blessing

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Now may the Holy Christ-child,
  Who came on Christmas Day,
The gentle Friend and Brother
  Who smiles upon our play,
Bless all the little children,
  Howe'er so far away.

Jesus Loves You

I want to send a whisper song
  Across the waters blue,
And say to all the children there
  "Jesus loves you."

If they should not quite understand,
  They'll wonder if 'tis true;
So I will keep on whisp'ring still,
  "Jesus loves you."

Little Brother Hymn

ALFRED R. LINCOLN

If every little child could see
  Our Savior's shining face,
I think that each one eagerly
  Would run to his embrace.

Though black the hand, red, brown, or white,
  All hearts are just the same;
Each one is precious in his sight,
  Each one he calls by name.

And those who hear in every land,
  With loyal hearts and true,
Will grasp some little brother's hand
  And lead him onward, too.

Missionary Mother Goose [1]

LITTLE JACK HORNER

Recitation for a Young Junior

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a very queer pie;
He saw in a trice
It held everything nice
From the lands where the mission fields lie.

From Ceylon came the spice,
And from China the rice,
And bananas from African highlands;
There were nutmegs and cloves
Sent from Borneo's groves,
And yams from the South Sea Islands.

There were nuts from Brazil
All the corners to fill,
And sugar and sago from Siam;
And from Turkey a fig
That was really so big
Jack's mouth thought, "It's larger than I am."

There were pomegranates fair
Grown in Persia's soft air,
And tortillas from Mexico, found there;
And there did appear
Grapes and grains from Korea,
And all of the things that abound there.

A Syrian date
Did not turn up too late.
He need not for tea to Japan go;
Tamarinds were not few,
There were oranges too,
And from India many a mango.

1 By permission, *Over Sea and Land.*

"Now," thought little Jack,
"What shall I send back
To these lands for their presents to me?
A Bible, indeed,
Is what they all need,
So that shall go over the sea."

The Sun Travels [1]

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The sun is not abed, when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still 'round the world his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
We 'round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

What Can I Do?

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

What can I give him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb;

If I were a wise man
I would do my part;
Yet what can I give him?
Give him my heart.

1 By permission, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Other Boys Like Me[1]

ANNA EDITH MEYERS

The boys who live in Africa
  Have little that is nice,
They live in curious, cone-shaped huts
  With chickens, pigs, and mice.
To sit about, palavering,
  Is their propensity;
But when it comes to wanting things,
  They're very much like me.

In China boys must go to school
  At early break of day,
And study loud and lustily
  Till daylight fades away.
They learn the things the sages wrote
  In praise of industry;
But when it comes to working, then
  They're very much like me.

The boys wear dresses in Japan
  And read the queerest books;
They have the first page at the end,
  Filled with strange hooks and crooks.
They must, at home and everywhere,
  Behave with dignity;
But when it comes to having fun
  They're very much like me.

The Hindu boy believes that he
  Has lived on earth before,
And after this must live again
  A thousand lives or more.
He's fearful he'll be born a pig,
  A dreadful penalty;
But when it comes to being good,
  I guess he's just like me.

[1] By permission, *World Wide*.

I Walked One Night in the Shepherds' Field[1]

JOHN FINLEY

I

I walked one night in The Shepherds' field;
The stars in their wonted courses wheeled
And no new glory the skies revealed,—
    There was no peace on earth.
But as I climbed the Bethlehem hill
I saw one bend o'er one who was ill
And another bearing coals to fill
    A neighbor's empty hearth,—
And I knew that the Christ was there.

II

I walked up the Mount, a little space
And peered through the shadows for His face,
But found Him not in the pictured place
    Beneath the olive trees;
Then turning toward Kidron in the night
I saw the men on their way to fight
In Jordan's hell for a thing called Right,
    Nor hating their enemies,—
And I knew that the Christ was there.

III

Then I walked alone in Galilee,
Where He fed the thousands by the sea
And taught and wrought in His ministry
    Of human brotherhood.
There did a Presence my way attend,
And there I heard the voice of a Friend
Say, "Lo, I am with you to the end,"
    And my heart understood,—
  I knew that the Christ was there.

[1] By permission of the author and *The Outlook*.

On Christmas

Once a little baby lay
Cradled in the fragrant hay,
  Long ago on Christmas.
Stranger bed a babe ne'er found,
Wondering cattle stood around
  Long ago on Christmas.

By the shining vision taught,
Shepherds for the Christ-Child sought
  Long ago on Christmas.
Guided in a starlit way,
Wise men came their gifts to pay
  Long ago on Christmas.

And to-day the whole glad earth
Praises God for that Child's birth,
  Long ago on Christmas.
For the Light, the Truth, the Way,
Came to bless the earth that day,
  Long ago on Christmas.

The Last Christmas Carol

PHILLIPS BROOKS

Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine;
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright;
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas to-night!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray;
Christmas where peace like a dove in its flight
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas to-night!

Hands Across the Sea[1]

Ere Christmas can be everything
That Christmas ought to be,—
The fullest kind of joy to bring
To you and also me,—
In every country of the earth
Good folks must work for all they're worth.

How many nations toiled to make
The dinner, who can say?—
(One does not want one's head to ache
Too much on Christmas day.)
But think about it as you wait
For Caroline to fill your plate.

Take the pudding. Ere it comes
Our appetites to seal,
Dark Greeks have had to find the plums,
Italians the peel.
The flour is from Canadian fields
While Demerara sugar yields.

Again, brave sailors must pursue
And kill a mighty whale—
In peril lest he dash in two
Their vessel with his tail—
Before the Christmas tree's bright flames
Can shine upon our merry games.

It is an interesting thought—
This toiling far and near,
In every land some labor wrought
To make our Christmas cheer,
And steamers crossing every sea
To bring good things for you and me.

[1] From *Another Book of Verses for Children.* Edited by E. V. Lucas. By permission, *The Macmillan Co.*

What the Sun Sees[1]

ANNA EDITH MEYERS

The sun peeps over the western hill
  And says "Good night" to me,
And then in just a little while
  It's dark as it can be.
Bobby says it goes to bed,
  But then he's very small,
And never went to school, so 'course
  He couldn't know at all.

But I am nearly ten, and so
  I ought to know a lot
About the earth and sun and things
  (Though some I just forgot).
I know that when the sun goes down
  Behind the western hill,
He goes to visit other lands
  And sees the sights until

It's time to come back here again
  And bring the morning light.
Sometimes I 'magine what he sees
  While I sleep all the night:
The boys and girls in China, where
  So many things are queer,
The boys and girls in India,
  Some hungry ones I fear;

The boys and girls in Africa
  And far-away Japan;
The sun shines on them all, I guess,
  And helps them all he can.
And mother says that boys and girls
  Who have as much as we
Should try to help them all we can
  Just like the sun, you see.

[1] By permission.

God Wants the Boys and Girls

God wants the boys, the merry, merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
    The thoughtless boys.
God wants the boys with all their joys,
That he as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure.
    His heroes brave
    He'd have them be,
    Fighting for truth
    And purity.
God wants the boys.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
    The worst of girls.
He wants to make the girls his pearls,
And so reflect his holy face,
And bring to mind his wondrous grace,
    That beautiful
    The world may be,
    And filled with love
    And purity.
God wants the girls.

—*Selected.*

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